

...THE HORROR-MOOD AWAITS WITHIN: 'THE WETNESS IN THE PIT'...

# NIGHTMADE

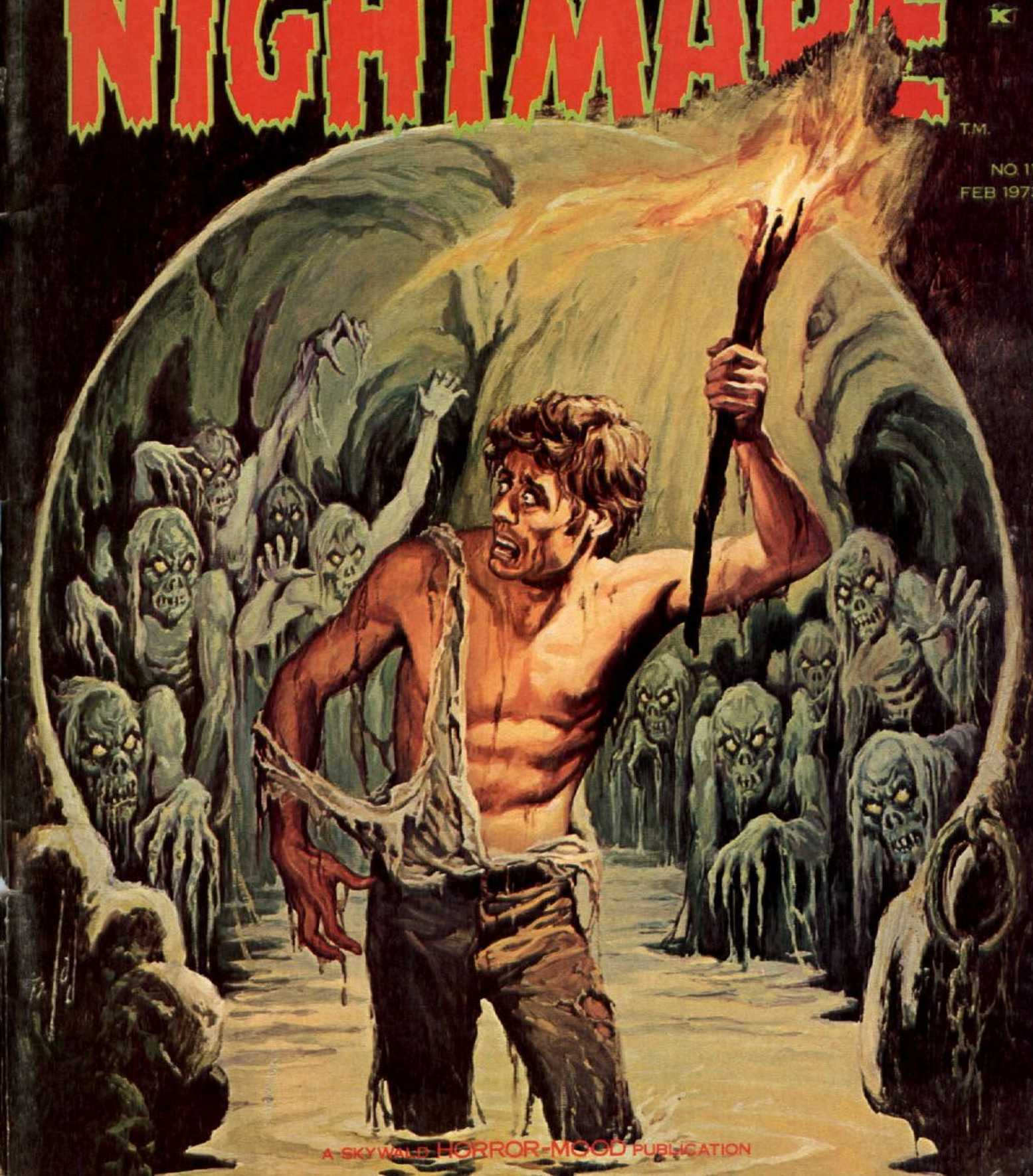
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# NIGHTMARE

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... THIS IS  
THE ISSUE OF  
THE FEAST  
OF HORROR...

... WELCOME TO  
THE PIT...  
WHERE THE FETID  
WETNESS IS  
SUFFOCATING...  
... HEH HEH HEH...

... WE BID YOU ENTER HERE  
WITH AN OPEN MIND... FOR  
BEFORE YOU CLOSE THIS  
CLIMACTIC NIGHTMARE  
YOU WILL BE A PRISONER  
TO THE HORROR...  
MOOD...

PABLO  
MARCOS

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... THIS IS  
THE ISSUE OF  
**THE FEAST  
OF HORROR...**

... WELCOME TO  
**THE PIT...**  
WHERE THE FETID  
**WETNESS IS  
SUFFOCATING...**  
... HEH HEH HEH...

... WE BID YOU ENTER HERE  
WITH AN **OPEN MIND...** FOR  
BEFORE YOU **CLOSE THIS**  
**CLIMACTIC NIGHTMARE**  
YOU WILL BE A **PRISONER**  
TO THE **HORROR...**  
**MOOD...**

PABLO  
MARCOS



## PROLOGUE TO A PRIMER:

LET US TAKE A LEERING STEP **BACKWARDS** TO THOSE DAYS OF EARLY SCHOOL WHEN WE WERE LEARNING TO READ AND WRITE...WHEN DICK AND JANE ROMPED AWKWARDLY THROUGH PATHETIC CLICHE AFTER CLICHE: **SEE DICK**

**SEE JANE**  
**SEE DICK RUN AFTER JANE**  
**SEE THEM RUN**  
**RUN RUN RUN**  
**BETTER RUN FAST JANE**  
**WHEN DICK CATCHES YOU...**  
**... HE'S GONNA...**  
**KILL!**

...NOW JOIN OUR **A-B-C**  
**PRIMER TO HORROR...** AS  
 WE INTRODUCE A  
**HOMICIDAL MANIAC:**

# THE WETNESS IN THE

SEE HOMICIDAL STALK HIS PREY  
 SEE HIM STALK  
 STALK STALK STALK  
 SEE HIM RAISE THE GUN  
 SEE HIM **DEMAND** THE MONEY  
 SEE HIM **TAKE** THE MONEY  
 SEE HIM **KILL**  
**KILL AND KILL AND KILL**

SEE THE POLICE CAR  
 SEE THE POLICE-MEN  
 HEAR THE POLICE SIREN  
 CUTTING INTO HIS MIND  
 RIPPING INTO HIS BRAIN  
 SHRIEKING INTO HIS SOUL  
 SEE HIM START TO RUN  
 RUN HOMICIDAL **RUN...**

RUN LIKE **HELL** HOMICIDAL  
 RUN INTO THE ALLEY  
 HEAR THE BRAKES SCREAM  
 LISTEN TO THE POUNDING FOOSTEPS BEHIND YOU  
 CLIMB THE FENCE  
 CLIMB IT HOMICIDAL  
 CLIMB IT FAST AND FURIOUS  
 CLIMB IT BABY **CLIMB...**

## CHAPTER ONE:

SEE HOMICIDAL  
 SEE HIS EYES  
 SEE HOW THEY ARE FILLED WITH MURDER AND MADNESS  
 SEE IF YOU CAN SEE THE **INSANITY** THEREIN  
 SEE IF YOU CAN FEEL THE **CRUELTY**  
 HIS **EYES** HAVE GOT IT  
 THAT IS WHY HE IS NICKNAMED...  
**HOMICIDAL**

...AND SO  
 STARTS OUR  
 COVER STORY...

## CHAPTER TWO:

THERE'S A **MILLION** ALLEYS YET HOMICIDAL  
 FIND THEM ALL-SEARCH  
 HIDE HIDE HIDE  
 RUN RUN RUN  
**FLEE** HOMICIDAL  
 FLEE THE MAN IN BLUE  
 HE'S COMIN' TO GET **YOU...**

SEE THE HOLE IN THE GROUND  
 IT IS DEEP AND DARK AND BLACK  
 SEE HOMICIDAL RUNNING  
 BLINDLY TOWARD THAT PIT  
 SEE HIM TRIP AND SKID  
 SEE HIM FALL HEAD-FIRST  
 INTO THAT PIT  
 INTO THAT **HELL**

PABLO  
 MAR 33



### CHAPTER THREE:

THIS IS THE PIT  
IT IS DARK AND IT IS WET  
THE WETNESS IS **ODD**  
FOR IT IS NOT **STAGNANT** WETNESS  
IT IS A MOVING **FLUID** WETNESS  
IT IS A MOANING **HORRIBLE** WETNESS  
A WETNESS THAT MAKES NOISES  
...LIKE IT IS **ALIVE**...



THERE IS A TORCH ON THE WALL  
LIKE IT WAS AWAITING  
WHY WOULD IT AWAIT?  
ANOTHER ODDNESS  
LIKE THE WETNESS  
THE ODDNESS OF THE WETNESS  
THE AWFUL GROANING OF THE WETNESS  
...THE *wetness* IN THE pit...



LIGHT YOUR WAY HOMICIDAL  
FEEL AND GROPE THE WET WALLS  
THE WETNESS AND DAMPNESS AND AWKWARDNESS  
FEEL IT HOMICIDAL -- **FEEL IT**  
YOU WANT TO GET OUT  
BUT YOU CANNOT  
THERE IS NO WAY UP OR OUT  
...ONLY **DEEPER AND INNER**...



### CHAPTER FOUR:

YOU FEEL THE EYES WATCHING?  
YOU FEEL THEM SEARCHING?  
HOMICIDAL?  
YOU STILL **WITH IT** MAN?  
OR ARE YOU LOSING YOUR MIND?  
IN YOUR FEAR  
FEAR-HOMICIDAL- FEAR  
...YOU'VE NEVER **KNOW** FEAR BEFORE...  
NEVER **FEAR** BEFORE...



THEN A NOISE IN THE TUNNEL  
A **NOISE** HOMICIDAL- A **NOISE** IN THE PIT  
AND THE THINGS RETREAT AND FALL BACKWARDS  
AND THE NOISE COMES **LOUDER**  
**LOUDER LOUDER LOUDER**  
TILL IT BLASTS INTO YOUR MIND  
CRASHES INTO YOUR HURTING BRAIN  
CRUSHES YOUR **SENSES** HOMICIDAL



HOMICIDAL FEELS THE EYES  
PIERCING AND WATCHING AND GROPING  
GROPING INTO HIS **MIND**  
LOOKING INTO HIS **EYES**  
HOMICIDAL'S HOMICIDAL EYES  
EYES OF HORROR INTO EYES OF **MURDER**  
AND THE EYES ARE ALSO **WET**



AND THE MONSTER COMES AT YOU  
HUGE AND UGLY AND FIERCE  
COMES RUSHING AT YOU  
RUNNING AT YOU  
**MURDEROUS**  
WITH **DEAD LIFELESS EYES**  
AND A **MOUTH** THAT **RUMBLES**  
AND IT COMES TO **KILL**



NOW THEY COMES **FORMS**  
PHYSICAL BEINGS OF FLESH AND BONE  
WITH **EYES**  
FEEL THE EYES HOMICIDAL  
KNOW **FEAR** HOMICIDAL  
FEAR **BURNING** INTO YOUR **GUT**  
AS THEY **CLOSE-IN**  
CLOSER CLOSER CLOSER



AND IT **DEVOURS YOU**  
AND **EATS YOU**  
THE HOMICIDAL ONE **EATS** YOU HOMICIDAL  
EATS YOU WITH ITS **EYES**  
AND EATS YOU WITH ITS **AWFUL VOICE**  
AND CHEWS YOU WITH THOSE DISGUSTING **TEETH**  
KILLS AND EATS AND **EATS**  
TILL HOMICIDAL... IS ...NO LONGER THE HUNTER  
NO LONGER THE HUNTED  
NO LONGER MAD AND LUNATIC  
BUT SIMPLY...**dead**...



# FUN HOUSE OF HORROR

...RIDE THE BEAST INTO THE WETNESS  
OF THE PIT WHERE FIENDISH MONSTERS  
WILL ATTACK YOU...  
FUN FUN FUN FOR ALL AGES

HE WAS LIKE THIS  
WHEN I CAME IN THIS  
MORNING JUST DEAD  
HE WAS DEAD  
DEAD DEAD DEAD  
NOTHING I COULD DO  
THIS MAN WAS DEAD  
WHEN I CAME IN THIS  
MORNING ...AT  
SEVEN O'CLOCK...

HE WAS  
HOMICIDAL  
HE WAS A  
REAL **NUT**  
A REAL TOOTY  
FRUITY NUT  
A TOOTY FRUITY  
NUT ...HE KILLED  
FOR **FUN**...NOW  
SOCIETY IS AVENGED...  
AVENGED AVENGED AVENGED  
...AND MINUS EXPENSIVE  
COURT COSTS TOO...









**AAAYY!!**

IT'S HIM...  
...TAVV!!

AS THE **SNOW-CLAD** CARAVAN  
NEARS THE **JIWONG MONASTERY**.....

WONDER HOW THEY  
**KNEW** WE WERE  
COMING?

NO BIG THING! JUST HOPE  
THEY ANSWER SOME OF MY  
QUESTIONS!!

GO AHEAD, TAUNT  
US!! SOON YOU'LL BE  
LAUGHING THROUGH THE  
BARS OF A ZOO!!!

LEAD ON, MY  
GOOD MAN!

NOW,  
MAYBE I'LL  
GET SOME  
ANSWERS!

THOSE PEASANTS IN  
THE VILLAGE WERE TOO  
**DAMNED CLOSED-  
MOUTHED!!**

**YING-TOI**  
AWAITS **YOU**, HE  
WOULD SPEAK  
TO YOU OF YOUR  
**MISSION**.

WITHIN THE HIGH LAMA'S CHAMBERS.....

LOOK, **YING-TOI!!** I **LEVELED** WITH YOU!  
DOESN'T THE SOUND OF MAKING A  
COUPLE OF QUICK  
BUCKS DO  
ANYTHING  
FOR YOU!??

I SHALL **NEVER**  
UNDERSTAND THE  
WORKINGS OF  
YOUR **WESTERN**  
MINDS!

YOU HAVE PUT A **DOLLAR SIGN**  
BEFORE EVERYTHING YOU HAVE  
SAID...

...WOULD YOU HAVE ME **SELL OUR**  
GODS!??

**YES,  
DAMN IT!!!!**

THEN GO UPON THE  
MOUNTAIN, **YOUNG**  
PUP....

... THERE YOU SHALL FIND  
**TAW**....

AND **DEATH!!!**



AS AN **ANXIOUS SUN** RISES ABOVE THE **MAJESTIC PEAKS**  
OF THE **HIMALAYAS.....**

**YOUNG FOOL !!!...**

**SOON YOU WILL KNOW  
DEATH AS A CONSTANT  
COMPANION!!**

**SUDDENLY, AS THE PARTY OF MEN ARE ENCAMPED DURING A FREAK STORM.....**

**AAAAYYYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!**  
**AAAAYYYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!**

**IT'S THEM!!!**  
**QUICKLY!!!**  
**GET YOUR RIFLES**  
**AND FOLLOW ME!!!**

GOOD LORD!!!  
IS THAT WHAT  
WE CAME TO  
CAPTURE??!

THERE  
MUST BE A  
DOZEN OF  
THEM!!!

THEY'RE  
COMING  
CLOSER!!

GET READY  
WITH THOSE  
RIFLES!!!

FIR

WHERE ARE THEY??! I CAN'T SEE A THING!!!

GOD SAVE ME, I'M BLINDED BY THE GLARE!!!

KEEP FIRING!!!  
KEEP FIRING!!!!





MY GOD!!!

YING-TOI WAS  
RIGHT! ALL THAT IS  
TO BE FOUND ON  
THIS MOUNTAIN....

...IS **DEATH!!!**

AS LIFELESS, CRUSHED BODIES ARE  
DRAGGED TO SEQUESTERED CAVES HIGH ON  
THE SLOPES, SOON TO LEAVE ONLY **RED  
SNOW** AS AN EPITAPH...



NOW'S MY  
CHANCE TO MOVE!!!  
'FORE THEY REALIZE  
**ONE OF US ARE  
MISSING!!**

THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, A **LONE FIGURE  
CRAWLS** OVER THE THICK BLANKET OF  
SNOW, UNTIL DAWN'S FIRST RAYS FIND HIM  
**CLUTCHING THE STONE STEPS OF JIWONG....**



...HELP ME. SOMEONE  
PLEASE HELP ME.....

PLEASE?



BRING THE  
EUROPEAN TO  
MY CHAMBERS!!!



BEFORE MANY  
MINUTES PASS....

OOOOOOOOFFFFF!!!





YOU WOULD  
NOT LISTEN  
TO ANCIENT  
WISDOM....

...YOU HAD TO  
TASTE EXPERIENCE  
FOR YOURSELF!!



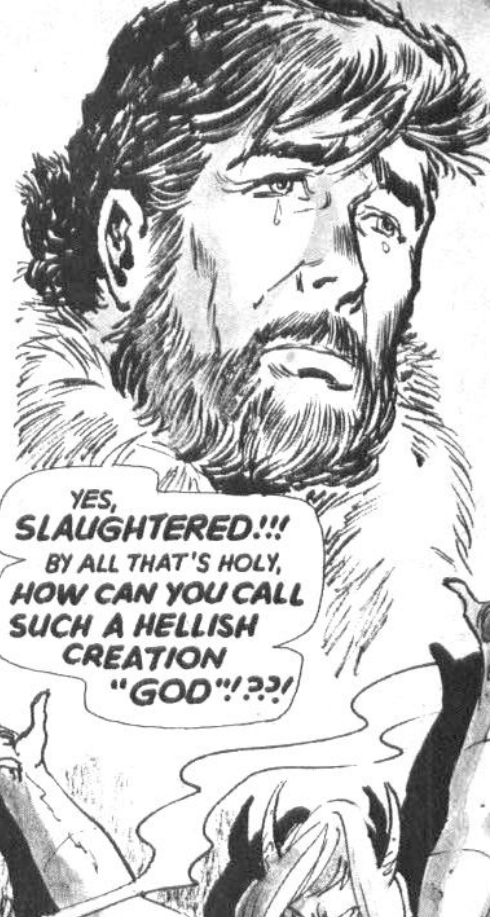
YOUTH IS  
HASTE!!...

...AND, IT WAS IN YOUR  
HASTE AND CLOUDED MIND  
THAT YOU LED YOUR MEN TO...

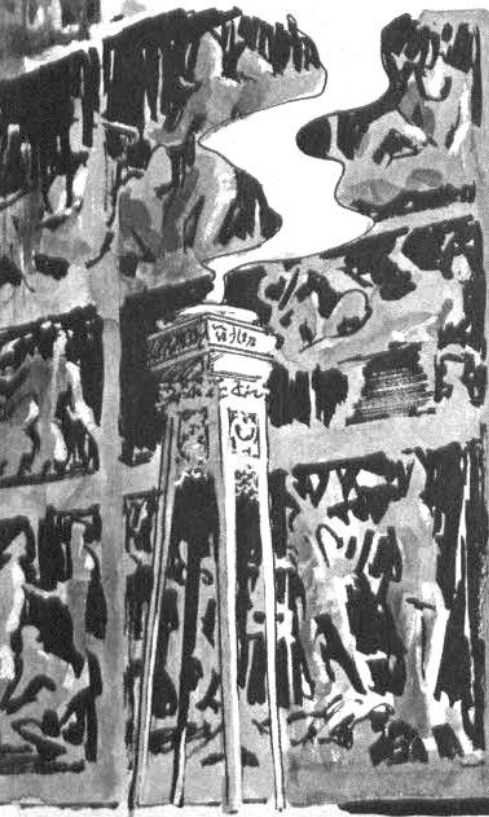
...**SLAUGHTER!!!**

IF ONLY  
YOU HAD  
LISTENED!

OUR PLANS WERE  
NOT DESIGNED FOR  
SO HASTY A DEATH!!



YES,  
**SLAUGHTERED!!!**  
BY ALL THAT'S HOLY,  
HOW CAN YOU CALL  
SUCH A HELLISH  
CREATION  
"GOD"!??!



WHAT THE HELL  
ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT, "OUR  
PLAN"??!!





I THOUGHT SURELY BY THIS TIME YOU  
WOULD HAVE GUESSED!!!

"TAW" IS  
MUCH LIKE  
YOUR  
GOD...

STAY AWAY  
FROM ME!!!  
STAY AWAY!!!!

NNNNOOOO!!!!

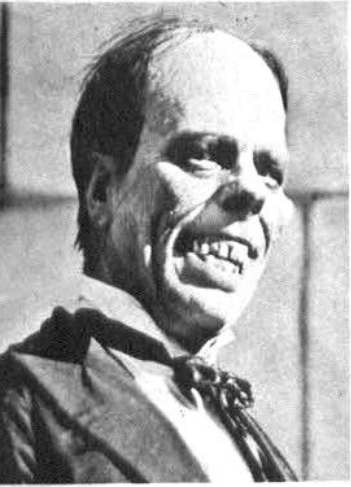
.....HE DWELLS  
IN ALL WHO  
BELIEVE!!!!

AAAARRGGHH!!!!

YYAAAAAEEEE!!!



# LON CHANEY SR. in THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



Below, we re-create a *SCENE* from the most famous of all *SILENT HORROR FILMS*, by the *MASTER* of silent horror... 'THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES', portraying Gaston Leroux' famous fictional character of the *SEWERS OF PARIS*... the *ACID-TORTURED, MIND-TORMENTED UNMASKED ORGANIST OF TERROR!*





THE CONTINUING SKYWALD FEATURE  
WHERE YOU ARE THE WRITER...AS WE  
TELL THE STORY OF YOUR NIGHTMARE WORLD!

# THE BEASTS OF TOMB BEACH!



Wayne  
Higman

BY MIKE BLACK  
AS TOLD TO  
ALAN HEWETSON

IT HAPPENED LAST SUMMER; THE SUMMER OF '71. MIKE BLACK, A STUDENT OF SOCIOLOGY AT A NEARBY STATE COLLEGE, LIES ON THE ROCKY RHODE ISLAND OUTLINE, THINKING ABOUT PEOPLE, HIS STUDIES, HIS DREAMS, HIS WORLD! COMES THE DUSK AND THE MOODY SKIES OVER NARRAGANSETT BAY CAST RED SHADOWS UPON HIS MIND...A MIND TROUBLED OVER TRADITIONAL IDEAS VERSUS CHANGE...



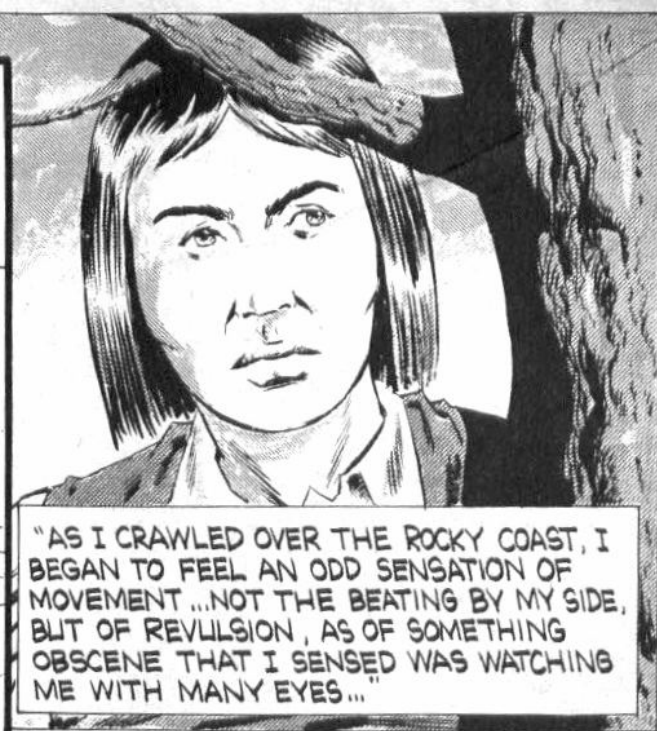
"THE BOOK HE HOLDS FALLS  
FROM HIS GRASP ONTO THE  
ROCKS... FALLS EVEN AS HE  
FALLS FITFULLY INTO SLEEP... IN-  
TO THE MAD NIGHTMARE WORLD!



"WHEN DAWN CAME I AWAKENED... IT HAD BEEN A NIGHTMARISH SLEEP... IT WAS LONG MINUTES BEFORE I FELT FULLY AWAKE... BEFORE I KNEW THAT THE SUN THAT BEAT DOWN ON ME WAS REAL... NOT JUST AN EXTENSION OF THE HORROR I HAD KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT."



"AS I CRAWLED OVER THE ROCKY COAST, I BEGAN TO FEEL AN ODD SENSATION OF MOVEMENT... NOT THE BEATING BY MY SIDE, BUT OF REVULSION, AS OF SOMETHING OBSCENE THAT I SENSED WAS WATCHING ME WITH MANY EYES..."



"IT SEEMED AS IF THE ROCKS WERE MOVING BENEATH ME... THEN I REALIZED TO MY HORROR... THEY WERE MOVING! THEY WERE COVERED BY A THICK SLIME-MUCK... A SLIDING OOZE... SLIDING WITH A PURPOSE... UP THE BEACH AND THE ROCKS TO THE SUMMIT WHERE I HAD SLEPT MERE MOMENTS BEFORE... IT WAS A THING WITH A MIND!!"



"I TRIED TO RUN, BUT MY LEGS SANK INTO THE SUBSTANCE THAT ONLY A MINUTE AGO WAS SOLID... THE THING KNEW OF MY PRESENCE... WORSE... IT KNEW I WAS AWARE OF ITS LIFE!"





"AS I STRUGGLED, THE THING SEEMED TO SPLIT INTO PIECES ... A SINGLE PIECE , AN ISLAND, GREW UNDER ME ... GREW AND GATHERED FROM NOTHINGNESS ... CLIMBED UP MY LEGS ... HIGHER , EVER HIGHER ... MY LEGS BEGAN TO FEEL SUDDENLY NUMB ... ALL FEELING LEFT ME ..."

MY GOD! THE THING IS EATING ME!!

GOT TO FIGHT IT SOMEHOW ... GOT TO...

THAT OVERHANGING BRANCH ... IF I CAN ONLY REACH IT...

UP TO MY CHEST ... MY BODY ... NUMB ... IMPOSSIBLE TO FIGHT IT ...

SUCKING THE LIFE OUT OF ME ... LIKE ... QUICKSAND ...

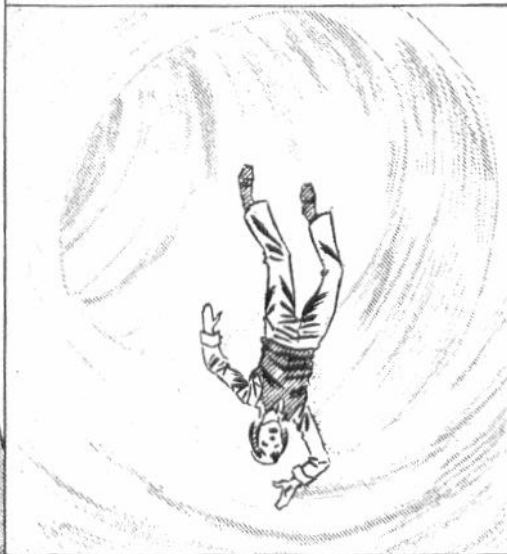
IT'S WORKING ... I'M PULLING MYSELF OUT OF THE SLIME THING ...

THE INSTANT I WAS FREE OF THE SLIME -THING I RAN ... FOR LIFE AND SANITY ... TO A BLUFF ... OVERLOOKING THE SCENE WHERE I TURNED ...

...TURNED TO SEE THE BEASTS COMING AFTER ME ... BLINDLY FOLLOWING MY SCENT...



"AGAIN I RAN ...RAN 'TIL THE AIR WOULD NO LONGER FIT IN MY LUNGS ...RAN 'TIL THE SKY TURNED BLACK AND I FELL, UNCONSCIOUS UPON THE ROCKY SHORE ..."



"WHEN I WOKE, THE WORLD AROUND ME SEEMED STRANGE AND MORBID ... IT HAD BEEN A DREAM ... THE THINGS ON THE BEACH ... THE SLIME THAT HAD GROWN ON ME ..."



"ALL A MAD DREAM ... FOR THE DAWN WAS ONLY JUST COMING OVER THE HORIZON ... AND THE MOON WAS ONLY JUST SETTLING INTO THE ATLANTIC ... IT HAD ALL BEEN A DREAM ... A LUNATIC NIGHTMARE ..."



"BUT THERE IS SOMETHING THAT NEEDS EXPLAINING ... PERHAPS YOU CAN DISCERN THE ANSWER, DEAR READER ... FOR CERTAINLY ... I CANNOT! ... WHY WAS IT THAT WHEN I SEARCHED FOR MY BOOKS I FOUND THEM NOT BESIDE ME ... BUT HUNDREDS OF YARDS AWAY? ... AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF WHERE I HAD BATTLED THE BEASTS OF MY NIGHTMARE ... WHY IS IT THEY WERE ON TOMB-BEACH WHERE I HAD NEVER BEEN DURING MY WAKING HOURS IN **MY LIFE!**"



PERHAPS WHEN YOU WRITE IN TO ANALYZE MIKE'S DREAM, YOU MIGHT WANT TO SPECULATE AS HE SAYS ... YOU MIGHT WANT TO EXPLAIN HOW A NIGHTMARE AND REALITY CAN BECOME ONE!

NEXT ISSUE MAY BE THE STORY OF *YOUR* MIND-BLOWING NIGHTMARE ... WRITE IN AND TELL US YOUR WILDEST, MOST BIZARRE NIGHTMARES (OR EXPERIENCES) AND WE'LL PRINT THE BEST WE RECEIVE IN FUTURE ISSUES. SORRY, BUT ALL MATERIAL YOU SUBMIT CANNOT BE ACKNOWLEDGED OR RETURNED UNLESS WE USE IT!

WRITE TODAY TO:  
-THE ARCHAIC EDITORS-  
'THE NIGHTMARE WORLD'  
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
18 EAST 41 ST STREET  
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

10017



ONCE THERE WAS A TEMPLE. IN IT, THERE DWELT A GOD CALLED SERBIUS WHO HAD REIGNED, IT WAS SAID, SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME...

SERBIUS!  
IT IS I--  
ELECTRA!  
I BRING BAD  
TIDINGS!

OLYMPUS! GASP! IT LIES IN RUINS! WHERE GODS ONCE STOOD, THERE ARE ONLY ASHES! AND THAT IS NOT ALL! YOUR HIGH PRIESTS-- THEY HAVE DESERTED YOU! THEY HAVE PLEDGED TO RETURN TO THIS TEMPLE NO MORE, SERBIUS AND THE PEOPLE HAVE FOLLOWED THEM!

MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU SERBIUS, NOBLEST OF ALL OUR GODS! FOR YOUR HOUR IS SOON AT HAND!


CAN IT BE TRUE?  
AM I ALL  
THAT REMAINS  
OF GODHOOD?

T. CASEY BRENNAN AND CARLOS GARZON

# WHERE GODS ONCE STOOD

CARLOS GARZON  
71-72





AND WHAT OF  
YOU, ELECTRA?  
WHERE DOES YOUR  
ALLEGIANCE LIE?

I DID NOT SAY  
THAT I SERVED YOU  
STILL, SERBIUS!  
I SAID THAT I  
**LOVED** YOU!

I LOVE  
YOU,  
SERBIUS!

IT IS  
GOOD TO  
KNOW THAT  
YOU SERVE ME  
STILL. YOU  
WILL BE WELL  
REWARDED  
FOR YOUR  
**LOYALTY!**

SO? IS  
THERE A  
DIFFERENCE?

IF YOU  
WERE A  
MAN AND  
NOT A GOD,  
YOU WOULD  
KNOW THE  
DIFFERENCE!

I ENTREAT  
YOU SERBIUS! YOU  
ARE MADE OF BONE  
AND FLESH! YOU NEED  
NOT BE A GOD! STEP  
DOWN FROM YOUR  
ALTAR AND BECOME  
AS ANY OTHER  
MORTAL!

**LOOK!**  
A STORM IS  
RAGING! YOUR  
DESTRUCTION MAY BE  
ONLY MOMENTS AWAY!  
WHY DO YOU CLING TO  
YOUR POMPUS GODHOOD  
AT SUCH A TIME AS THIS?  
IT BELONGS TO YESTERDAY,  
SERBIUS! OF WHAT USE  
IS A GOD WHOM NO  
ONE WORSHIPS?

YOUR WORDS  
ARE **BLASPHEMY**  
ELECTRA! BUT THESE ARE  
TROUBLED TIMES AND I  
WILL BE PATIENT WITH  
YOU!





PATIENCE?!  
YOU FOOL! I  
WANT TO **SAVE**  
YOU! COME DOWN  
BEFORE IT IS  
TOO LATE.

YOU ARE BUT A  
MORTAL, ELECTRA!  
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND  
THE WAYS OF GODS! I  
COULD NO MORE **RENOUNCE**  
MY GODHOOD THAN I COULD  
TEAR MY TONGUE FROM  
MY THROAT OR MY EYES  
FROM MY FACE! DO YOU  
NOT RECALL...

A GOD DOES NOT  
NEED COMFORT,  
ELECTRA! HE IS  
COMPLETE WITHIN  
HIMSELF!

AND  
WHO WILL  
COMFORT **YOU**,  
SERBIUS, IN  
**YOUR** TIME  
OF NEED?

DO YOU NOT  
RECALL THAT IT  
WAS I WHO CAUSED  
THE RAINS TO FALL,  
AND THE CLOUDS TO  
BE PUSHED FROM  
THE SKY WHEN IT  
WAS DONE? IT  
WAS I TO WHOM  
THE PEOPLE CAME  
IN TIME OF NEED!  
IT WAS I WHO  
COMFORTED  
THEM!

SERBIUS,  
PLEASE!

IT IS NOT LONELY, THEN,  
TO BE A GOD? SOMETIMES  
IT IS GOOD TO BE IN  
NEED OF LOVE-- TO  
COMFORT AND BE  
COMFORTED IN RETURN!  
I WILL GIVE YOU NOT  
MY WORSHIP, BUT MY  
GENTLENESS!

CRASH



BEHOLD THE POWER OF SERBIUS!  
LET THE STORM BE CALMED! LET  
THE WINDS BE STILLED! IT IS I --  
THE ALMIGHTY SERBIUS WHO  
COMMANDS IT!

LET THE LIGHTNING BE  
NO MORE! LET PEACE  
AND TRANQUILITY  
RETURN TO THE  
TEMPLE! LET THE  
CLOUDS OF  
CHAOS BE  
TORN FROM  
THE SKY!

YOU  
FOOL! IT'S  
NO USE!  
YOU CAN'T  
STOP IT!

LET  
THE RAINS  
FALL NO  
MORE!  
LET--

AND THEN, IN  
THE MIDST OF  
THE RUINS,  
THERE IS ONLY  
ONE WHO STIRS...

SERBIUS!  
SERBIUS! GASP!  
WHAT CRUEL  
DESTINY IS THIS --  
THAT A **JUST GOD**  
SHOULD DIE AS  
THE INFIDELS  
ON OLYMPUS!

**SERBIUS!**  
SOB! I WILL HOLD  
YOU NOW, IN DEATH,  
AS I LONGED TO IN  
LIFE! WHY? OH WHY?!





HE  
LIVES!  
THEN THERE  
IS STILL  
HOPE!

GASP!  
MY TEMPLE  
IN RUINS!  
MY ALTAR--

I MUST  
TAKE MY  
RIGHTFUL PLACE  
UPON MY  
ALTAR!

NO, SERBIUS  
PLEASE! YOU  
HAVE BEEN GRANTED A  
SECOND CHANCE! COME  
AND LIVE AS A *MORTAL*!  
IF YOU ASCEND TO THE  
TOP OF YOUR ALTAR  
AGAIN, YOU  
WILL DIE!

NO,  
ELECTRA!  
AS A GOD  
I HAVE  
LIVED--

AND AS  
A GOD I  
WILL DIE!

G  
A  
P  
A  
C  
K



I MUST--  
I MUST--

⚡GASP⚡  
ONCE I WAS A  
GOD! I COMMANDED  
ALL THAT EVER WAS!  
NOW I HAVE NOT  
EVEN THE POWER TO  
CRAWL TO THE  
TOP OF MY  
OWN ALTER!

YES,  
ELECTRA!  
I AM BUT  
A MAN!

I LOVE YOU  
SO! TELL ME  
NOW THAT YOU ARE  
BUT A MAN, AND I  
WILL LOVE YOU ALL  
THE MORE! TOGETHER  
WE SHALL FIND THE  
JOYS THAT A GOD  
COULD NEVER KNOW!



THEN, WHERE A STORM HAD  
RAGED, THERE WAS ONLY  
PEACE. AND IT WAS JUST.





THE PLACE YOU ARE NOW IN REQUIRES A WORD OF EXPLANATION... INASMUCH AS **MOST** PLACES REQUIRE A WORD TO EXPLAIN WHAT THEY **ARE** AND **WHY** THEY ARE...

...THIS IS **THE SANCTUM CLUB**... THE OHIO LEAGUE OF MYTH-BUSTERS... CENTERED IN THE CITY CALLED **CLEVELAND**... THE DAY OF OUR STORY IS TODAY-- THE TIME IT **STARTS** IS **TONIGHT**... SOME HOURS AWAY YET...

SANCTUM CLUB

HENWELSON AND DURAN

...NOW MEET THE DEDICATED MEMBERS OF THIS CLANNISH SECRET SOCIETY... AS THEY NOW ENTER THE STATELY CLUB SHAKING

THE RAIN FROM THEIR DRIPPING COATS...

...WALTER FROMM, PRESIDENT, MAN OF PERSONAL WEALTH... HE FINANCIALLY SUPPORTS THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SANCTUM... WHICH PERHAPS EXPLAINS WHY HE IS ELECTED PRESIDENT EVERY YEAR...

MS. JANET PUPP, SECRETARY OF THE CLUB, WIDOW... SHE JOINED THIS ORGANIZATION WITH THOUGHTS OF FINDING A NEW HUSBAND... BUT, AS SECRET SOCIETIES OFTEN DO TO PEOPLE, SHE'S BECOME INVOLVED IN SANCTUM'S MANY ACTIVITIES AND FORGOTTEN HER PURPOSE IN ORIGINALLY JOINING...

MR. H. TOON, MEMBER...

MISS ANGELA INGELS, MEMBER...

MR. HORST FRANKE, MEMBER...

MR. PETER PARKER, MEMBER... ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S FOREMOST EXPERTS ON INSECTS... INSECTS LIKE SPIDERS...

...GOOD MEMBERS ALL...

...THE **PLAYERS** IN THIS **FANTASY HORROR-MOOD EMOTION-IMPLOSION** WITH WHICH WE START OUR TALE...

# CORRIDORS OF CARICATURE

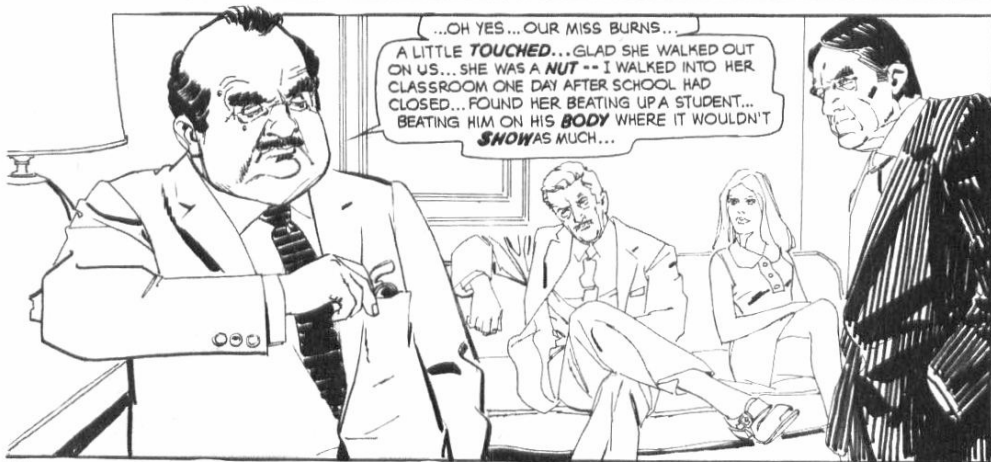
...OUR CASE TONIGHT IS SUGGESTED BY CERTAIN INQUIRIES MADE TO SANCTUM MEMBER MISS INGELS... MISS INGELS, AS YOU ALL KNOW, IS A TEACHER AT ONE OF CLEVELAND'S FINER PUBLIC SCHOOLS... AND A FELLOW ACADEMIC HAS MADE TO HER A COMPLAINT...

"...THIS MISS BURNS HAS RECENTLY COME FROM THE SMALL TOWN OF 'W', SOME 75 MILES NORTH OF THIS CITY, WHERE SHE WORKED IN THE HIGH SCHOOL FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, DURING WHICH TIME SHE REPORTED A CERTAIN **STRANGENESS** ABOUT HER STUDENTS... ONE DAY SHE FOUND THEM KILLING **RATS** IN THE SCHOOLYARD AT LUNCHTIME..."

"...MATTER'S FINALLY CAME TO THE WORST, AFTER A **SERIES** OF INCIDENTS EQUALLY AS **MACABRE** AS THE ONE JUST DESCRIBED... WHEN ONE DAY UPON ENTERING HER CLASSROOM SHE FOUND STUDENTS ATTACKING A NEWLY-ARRIVED STUDENT... ATTACKING THE LITTLE GIRL AS IF... AS IF THEY WERE **VAMPIRES!**"

"...OF COURSE, MISS BURNS FLED THE SCENE, THE SCHOOL, AND INDEED THE TOWN... FEARING AUTHORITIES WOULD THINK HER MAD SHE TOLD **NO ONE** OF HER EXPERIENCES... **NO ONE**... EXCEPT OUR MISS INGELS..."













...BUT FIRST...JOIN THE VICTORY TEAM FOR A **FEAST**... THE LOSING TEAM FROM 'D' IS BEING SERVED RIGHT NOW... WHEN THE SCHOOL BUS CARRIES THE TEAM BACK HOME TONIGHT IT'LL HAVE A FATAL ACCIDENT...UNFORTUNATE... THE WHOLE BUS WILL GO UP IN FLAMES...

MISS INGELS -- I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE A TEACHER -- I **DO** HOPE YOU'LL CONSIDER JOINING OUR STAFF HERE AT 'W' HIGH... WE HAVE TROUBLE FINDING PERSONS OF YOUR QUALIFICATION...

...THEN PERHAPS AFTER OUR MEAL WE'LL GO OVER TO THE DANCE AT CITY HALL...EVERYONE WILL BE THERE...THE WHOLE TOWN...KIDS TOO... WE'VE INVITED A EUROPEAN DANCE TROUP TO PERFORM FOR US... AND PERFORM THEY **WILL**... FIFTEEN LIVELY YOUNG GIRLS... SHOULD PROVIDE US WITH A **DELIGHTFUL** EVENING...



...THE **SANCTUM CLUB** IS NO MORE...NOW THEY HAVE MOVED TO BECOME PROUD PAID-IN-FULL MEMBERS OF THE 'W' CHAMBER OF COMMERCE...

...AND MISS INGELS IS ENJOYING HER NEW POSITION TEACHING READIN' 'RITIN' N' 'RITHMETIC IN THE HALLOWED CORRIDORS OF 'W' HIGH...WHERE THE CHARACTER OF OUR OFT-PARODIED EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM IS CARICATURED... AT ITS BEST...


**FINIS**

THE STORY BEHIND THE MYTH OF

# MAN-BAT

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD THE **UGLY TRUTH** ABOUT SOUTH AMERICAN **VAMPIRE BATS**-- HOW THESE **CORRUPT** BIRDS ATTACK THEIR VICTIMS BY **NIGHT**--**SUCKING...DRAWING BLOOD** TILL THERE IS LEFT ONLY A GUTTED, EMPTY **SKELETON...**

DID YOU ALSO HEAR ABOUT THE **LEGEND**?... THE LEGEND THAT KEEPS THE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN OF **ARGENTINA** BEHIND **LOCKED DOORS** WHEN NIGHT FALLS... **THE LEGEND OF MAN-BAT?**



**WHEN NIGHT FALLS:--A BLACK THING CREEPS... CRAWLS FROM HIS HOLE IN SOME DISEASED CORNER-- IT TAKES TO THE AIR--MATTED, ANCIENT WINGS SUCK AND TWIST THE AIR ABOUT AS THE WINGS PROPEL THE BLACK THING IN ITS SEARCH FOR PREY... HUMAN PREY!**

IT IS '**MENSCH-FLEDERMAUS**'...WHAT THEY CALL... **MAN-BAT!** IT **ATTACKS...** GORGES ITS VICTIM'S RAW **FLESH--RIPPING...** SPITTING...IT DEVOURS ITS PREY **WHOLE--LEAVING ONLY PATHETIC BONES** IN PLACE OF A LIVING, BREATHING **MAN!**

MAN-BAT IS NO **MAN...** NO **BAT...** IT IS A HIDIOUS CONCOCTION OF... **SATAN!**

PABLO  
MARCOS  
AND  
HEWETS



...not only is there a wetness in the PIT...there's also  
a FETID **dampness** about these letters-editorial PAGES...

... tears of CONVULSION is why these pages are WET...

... where else on earth would your brain get soggy, wet, watery and generally DAMP than in an issue with a cover story called *THE WETNESS IN THE PIT*?...eh?...

... SECRET: ... want to be let in on a weird bit of information? ... the guy in the cover story called 'homicidal' is actually *HOMICIDAL HERSCHEL WALDMAN*, personable and macabre co-publisher of the crippled couplet *NIGHTMARE* and *PSYCHO* ... the cover art and *PARANOIC PABLO*'s story-art are actually caricatures of this fine gentleman ... we decided to do this just because he's a great guy and an easy-going co-worker and colleague ... but namely because he's paying our salaries HOO HAH and we wanna keep on his GOOD SIDE ...

... and while we're on the macabre matter of personalities ... *ARCHAIC AL* recently celebrated a birthday ... not that this MEANS much ... but it brings to mind the fact that he's probably the YOUNGEST editor-writer in management today, we guess ... which is why some jerk thought he was being funny when he thought up the nickname '*ARCHAIC*' ... a candid pic of Al is somewhere here-about ...



... Al is posing in his new jacket which was a gift on his birthday ... next year we hope somebody gives him a pair of TROUSERS ...

... Our *NIGHTMARE WORLD* feature appears to be becoming popular ... and we thank JOHN HLYWA of Youngstown Ohio, who writes: *TOO MANY FROGS LEGS* ... and we quote: "... I hadn't been asleep very long when I was suddenly awakened by Jim who said that he craved more frogs legs, and he suggested that we catch some more! Reluctantly I agreed, and soon we were deep in the marshy backwaters of the mountain lakes that the big frogs so dearly loved. We proceeded to move in the murky water along the rocky ledges where the big frogs often hid, when I stopped to adjust the catch on my chest waders. I could hear Jim faintly say something about seeing a large frog, when there was a loud splash and a muffled scream ... I spun around ... only to see Jim being devoured head-first by a large creature that greatly resembled a FROG. The only exception in this creature was that it had long powerful sharp-clawed ARMS and FEET, and a great tooth-filled MOUTH ... which by now had almost entirely ENGULFED Jim's BODY ... but the most horrifying aspect of the creature was its round luminous BELLY ... for not only was its belly LUMINOUS, but it was TRANSPARENT as well, and already I could see Jim's body being digested by the creature's strong stomach acids ... his FACE ... a mask of STARK HORROR ..."

... and from JOSEPH UPCHWICH of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania who tells us of '*THE SLIPPERY HALLWAY*' ... "... with that he pushed a button and SNAKES came out of the classroom ... HUNDREDS of them ... my friends managed to get out of the school in time, but

"... I'm writing to tell you what a really fine feature *THE NIGHTMARE WORLD* is, and how much I'm looking forward to future reader-samplings of the world of the 'macabre'. Actually I've enclosed my own *NIGHTMARE WORLD* ... a TRUE nightmare ... that I experienced last summer near my home ... hope you can use it ... I think it's the WEIRDEST thing that's ever happened to me! Keep 'on truckin' ...

MIKE BLACK  
WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND

It probably IS one of the weirdest dreams that we've come across yet Mike ... and we're using it in this very issue in *THE NIGHTMARE WORLD* #4 ... so congratulations are due ...



... reader MIKE BLACK of Warwick, Rhode Island, whose *NIGHTMARE WORLD* is featured this issue as the story: *THE BEASTS OF TOMB BEACH*, illustrated by WEIRD WAYNE HOWARD ...

... all readers are invited to participate in this popular feature ... send your experiences or nightmares to *THE NIGHTMARE WORLD*, c/o the archaic editors, SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 East 41st Street New York City N.Y. 10017 ...

the hallway was SLIPPERY! The snakes bit me again and again, and my principal laughed again and again ..."

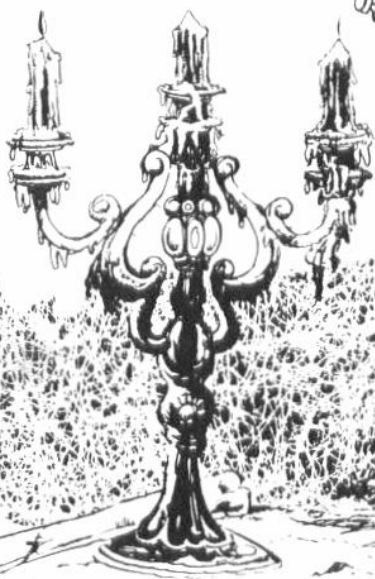
... and also, from CHRIS SCARCELLI of Garden City, Michigan

"... I walked silently along the cold, dark street. The wind moved swiftly through the trees. As it travelled, it made a queer moaning sound that almost sounded human. I could see clouds making their way through the night, and the full round moon that glowed brightly in space. The sky looked black with only the stars to light it. The sighing of a dog could be heard in the distance. I could feel a sharp stabbing pain in my back with each cry. All signs of electricity instantly shut off with the final cry of the dog. It was a scream of terror that echoed my mind. I walked silently in complete darkness. I could feel someone following me, watching me. I became frightened and RAN ... I could hear his heavy breathing chasing me. Faster and faster. Until finally, he grabbed hold of my arm. He stabbed my back several times with a silver dagger ... and then ... THEN ..."

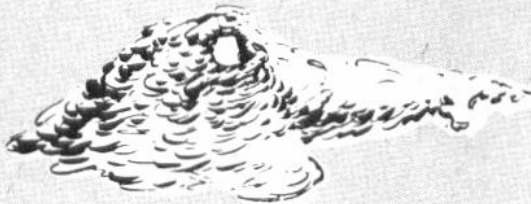
... and we received an interesting letter from BOBBY BRIDGES of Cincinnati Ohio who suggests: "... you are weirdness and horror combined ..."

... from David Olson of Windsor Canada ... I've seen other weird books Before but yours are the weirdest of them ALL ..."

... and we'll close with a note from Jack Monninger of Indianapolis, Indiana who says ... *NIGHTMARE* and *PSYCHO* have rapidly climbed the ladder of success! Never have I seen a company so loyal to their readers as SKYWALD! Truth! An example is the great selection of artists and writers. Those are some of the tops in the field. Not to mention those covers ... oh those covers! ... they are fabulous! The best inside work was the story *HORROR HAS 1000 FACES* in



... this ...  
... is DYING DOUG MOENCH ...



... Moench (pronounced MUNCH, sometimes MENCH, but more often MOOEEENSSCHH) is a scripter for such upcoming great horror-mood works as: *THE NIGHT OF THE CORPSE BRIDE*, *HIT AND RUN - MISS AND DIE*, *THE DEATH OF THE 80TH VICTIM*, and *HUNGER OF THE SLAUGHTER-SLUDGE*

**BEASTS...** *Dying Doug* is a paid-in-full member of the highly-celebrated **MOOD-TEAM**, and you can **BET** on seeing his work appear in these pages forever and ever (competitors take note) ... and thanks to the **WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY** in the newsroom of the **CHICAGO**

**SUN-TIMES** where Doug works ... recently when *Archaic Al* visited the weird writer he pointed out that Al was constantly *mis-spelling* one of their mutually favorite words ... **CRETON** ... err ... **CRETIN** ... ahh?? ... How do you spell it again Doug?? ...



WE EACH  
WORE THE  
CLOTHES WE  
WORE WHEN WE  
CAME HERE...

THE **FUMES**  
**HERE** MADE US  
THIS WAY. AND  
KEPT US **ALIVE**  
HUNDREDS OF  
YEARS!

*PSYCHO 7* ... and *THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN* from *PSYCHO 9* ... just about the best in *NIGHTMARE* was *THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH*! Domingo is one of the most exciting artists to come along

and grace the pages of *SKYWALD* in some time ... (and *DEAD DOMINGO* will be featured again soon Jack) ... thanks for the enjoyable reading! May *SKYWALD* live on ...!

... maybe soon it'll be **YOUR** nightmare we'll be telling ... depending on how archaic you are ...

... while on the matter of strange people who live in *Chicago* ...

... famous underground creator-editor-publisher-artist-writer **JUVENILE-DELINQUENT JAY LYNCH** (and attractive wife-woman libber artist-writer-in-her-own-right, **JAUNDICED JANE**) are expressing interest in our horror titles ... but Jay is convinced all pages should have exactly 6 panels, each of which should be exactly square ... that's the last time we'll listen to the advice of a guy who watches *LITTLE LULU VS. THE SWAMP CREATURE* horror movies with **HUGH HEFNER**!!! ...

... if you're over 21 (or a reasonable facsimile) and want to grab yourself a look at the funniest man vs. cat cartoon ever created (**NARD N' PAT**) then write to: **JUVENILE-DELINQUENT JAY LYNCH**, **BIJOU PUBLISHING EMPIRE** Post Office Box 3506, Merchandise Mart Station, Chicago, Illinois 60654 and enclose 65¢ which will also cover postage and handling.

... OKAY LYNCH ... NOW WE WANNA FREE PLUG IN **BIJOU FUNNIES** ...!!

... **ARCHAIC AL** is meanwhile finishing off several horror master-scripts: *SCREENPLAY-THE FETID BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI*, *THE THING IN THE BOX* ... *SLIME* ... *THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT* ... *THE HORRORS OF SALEM* ... *THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD* ... and *DIE, LITTLE SPIDER* ... weird ones all ...

**EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY** has now completed: *ROAST THEIR EVIL BONES* ... *THE LAST WITCH* ... *MAKE MEPHISTO'S CHILD BURN* and *THE MAN WHO DARE NOT SLEEP* ... which are all wrought to take your weird little primal spinal and package it and send it tripping off to the fetid banks of the **HUDSON RIVER** where the writer lives and writes ... a tip of the **HAT** to Mr. **FEDORY** ...

... rest in peace ... and ... enjoy ... enjoy ... this **WEIRD WET IS-SUE** ...

... **PHASE 2** is coming up ...

IN **PSYCHO**  
**NUMBER ELEVEN...**

... MISS IT NOT ...





THIS MAN HAS NO CONCEPTION OF TIME...FOR YEARS UNCOUNTED HE HAS BEEN STRANDED ON A DISTANT FAR-OFF WORLD AWAY FROM THIS EARTH...FIRST, ATTEMPTING TO REPAIR HIS OWN SPACE CRAFT...THEN, FINDING THIS OTHER ONE--DESERTED--UNEXPLAINED, NEAR **BURIED** IN A HORRID CAVERNOUS **TRENCH**...



...THE BOOK IS THE ATROCIOUS **NECRONOMICON**... WHICH NOW FALLS TO THE FLOOR AS THE SHIP CRASHES INTO EARTH'S ASTONISHING **PULL** AND BEGINS TO MADLY **ROCK**...



...THE CRAFT IS SLOWED...AND LY. CRAWFORD MAKES HIS FIRST ATTEMPT IN **YEARS** AT RADIO CONTACT...

...NOTHING...

...CAN'T SEEM TO GET ANYBODY OR ANY **THING**... NOT EVEN **STATIC**... I'M RIGHT OVER NEW YORK CITY... I'LL GLIDE HER IN **LOW** AND SEE IF OL' BROADWAY HAS CHANGED AT ALL...

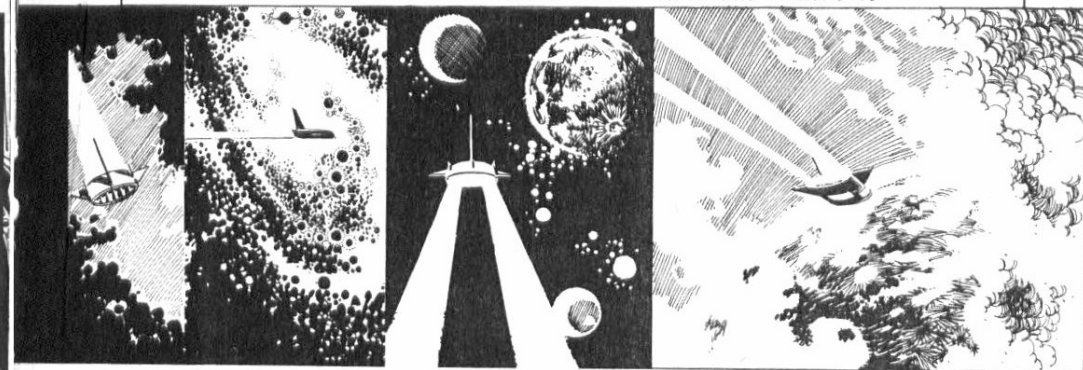
HEWETSON AND ZESAR

...AND INSIDE THIS NOW-WORKABLE CRAFT A LUNATIC **BOOK**, ARCHAIC, UNNAMEABLE IN ITS UNSPEAKABLE IMPLICATIONS... CHRONICLES THE WRITINGS OF THE MAD ARAB ABDUL ALHAZRED WHO DESCRIBES IN OBSCENE DETAIL CERTAIN MACABRE EVENTS THAT TOOK PLACE BEFORE HOME-EARTH WAS POPULATED BY **HUMAN BEINGS**...

MANDRIAN CRAWFORD IS GREETED BY AN ABSURD SIGHT ON HIS RETURN TO CITY--MANHATTAN...THE CITY CRUMBLING AND HORRIBLY SINKING INTO THE ATLANTIC...THE STATUE OF LIBERTY TOPPLING AND SHATTERING...THE WATERS OF THE HARBOR CHURNING AND HEAVING ABOUT... AWKWARD--AWFUL SIGHTS...BUT WHERE ARE THE **PEOPLE**? WHERE ARE THE FLEEING **MILLIONS** WHO **OWN** THIS CITY?...



...THE CRAFT LURCHES HOMEWARD...THROUGH THE STARS...THE MYRIAD UNPEOPLED WORLDS... AND INSIDE MANDRIAN CRAWFORD READS OF AWFUL, BRAINLESS BEINGS WHO YET LURK WITHIN THIS EARTH'S **CORE**... WAITING FOR A DAY WHEN ATMOSPHERICS WILL PERMIT THEIR TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SURFACE TO RULE AS OUR **MASTERS**...



GOOD GOD!



**WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH?**

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

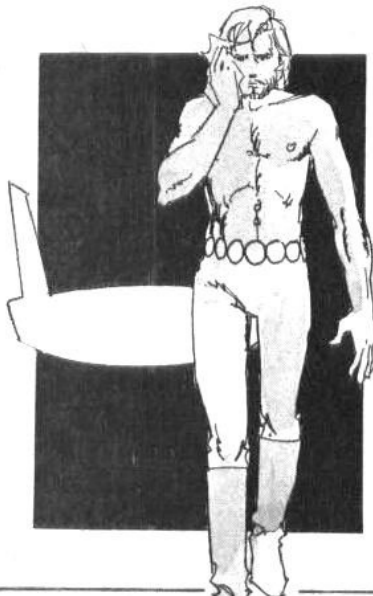


...DESERTED!!...

...CRUMBLING INTO THE EAST RIVER...BUT WHERE ARE THE PEOPLE...



...THIS IS **MACABRE**...THE WORLD'S **MIGHTIEST CITY** LITERALLY COLLAPSING ON ITS FOUNDATIONS...THE ONLY **WITNESS** TO ITS **DEMISE** A LONELY SPACE TRAVELLER WHO SHUNTS ABOUT HIS ONCE-FAMILIAR HAUNTS IN SEARCH OF **LIFE**...**GRAND CENTRAL STATION**...**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**...**CENTRAL PARK**... WHILE THE EARTH HEAVES AND PULSES AND HORRIBLY **TWISTS** TO EXPOSE THE DESERTED UNDERGROUND SUBWAY NETWORK WHO'S SNARLING TRACKS REACH OUT TO THE SKY...



...THE CRAFT GENTLY POUNCES ONTO THE GRASS ...CRAWFORD STEPS OUT, WIPING SWEAT AND TEARS FROM HIS FACE...WALKS ONTO THE MAIN STREET...CHOKING AS HE SEES THE SMASHED STORE WINDOWS...



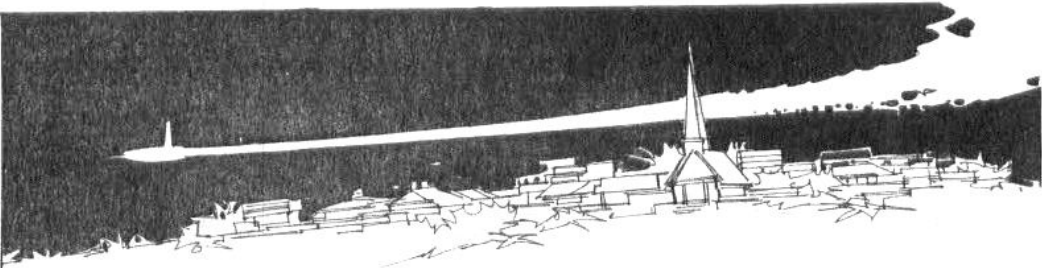
...WITHOUT WORDS... ALMOST WITHOUT THOUGHTS ...HE BEGINS TO WALK...SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE ... SLOWLY DRAWN TO HIS OWN PARENT'S HOME...



MANDRIAN CRAWFORD  
FINDS NO-ONE...HE  
CANNOT REMAIN HERE  
ANY LONGER...THE AIR  
SMELLS FILTHY...THE  
GIANT CITY BELOW HIM  
BEGINS TO **SINK** AND  
TEARS COME TO HIS  
EYES...HE CANNOT  
REMAIN HERE ANY  
LONGER...



**ARKHAM...** A HAMLET...  
HIS PLACE OF BIRTH...  
WHERE DEAR FRIENDS AND  
FAMILY LIVED...NOW IT IS  
BARREN...ITS STREETS  
**EMPTY...** ALTHOUGH IT  
HAS ESCAPED THE  
DESTRUCTION THAT RUINED  
NEW YORK...HE STILL  
SEES **NO FACES...**



... WHERE HE  
STANDS...ALONE  
IN THE LONELY  
DOORWAY...SEEING  
A FEW PIECES OF  
SPILLED FURNITURE  
...DUST COVERING  
A LOT OF THEIR  
TOPS...BUT NO  
PEOPLE...



...SLOWLY HE  
WALKS BACK TO THE  
SHIP-- WITHOUT  
KNOWING REALLY  
**WHY...**  
...WHILE BEHIND  
HIM 2 EYES WATCH  
AS THEY CRAWL  
OUT OF A HOLE  
IN THE GROUND...  
WATCH **HUNGRILY...**





GOD!

...UHHUHH UU...

...MY  
GOD!...

SwooooooPPPHH

UHHUHH

UHHUHH

... GOD...  
MY ARM...

GOD--HOW  
CAN I BATTLE  
THIS?...

SPASSSSHHHH...ooo

...IT'S  
DEAD...

...ELECTROCUTED  
ITSELF...  
...OH GOD...

...MANDRIAN CRAWFORD COLLAPSED INTO A HEAP...  
FROM EXHAUSTION -- FROM FRIGHT... FROM RELIEF...  
THE SCREAM THAT CAME IN THROUGH THE OPEN  
DOOR WAS HARDLY HEARD...

EEEEAAAAAHHHHAAAAHHHH!!!!



... MANDRIAN CRAWFORD'S HEAD SLOWLY TURNS AS THE SHOGGOTH ENTERS... THE THING SHUFFLES AWKWARDLY... SNIFFING... SMELLING THE BLOOD OF ITS DEAD BROTHER LYING IN A CRUMPLED HEAP NEARBY...



... MANDRIAN CRAWFORD SITS, NUMB, QUIET, WATCHING... THE ANCIENT ONE SHUNTS OVER TO THE PILE OF FLESH, RIPS OFF AN ARM, BEGINS TO HORRIBLY **CHew** AND DEVOUR...

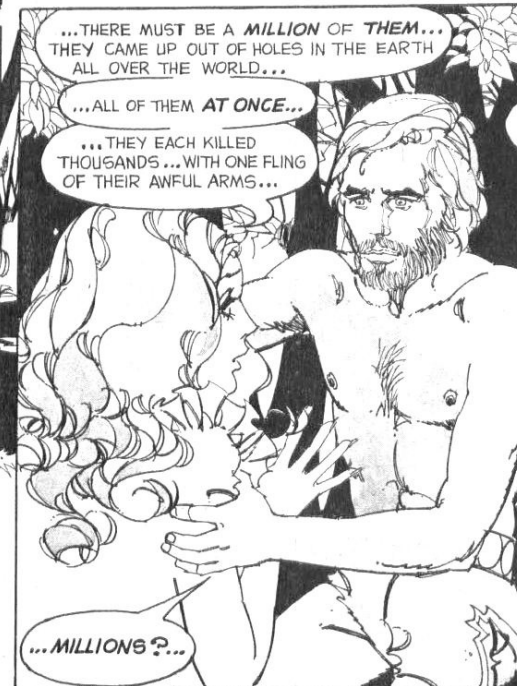
AAAAAAGODGODHELP...  
OH GOD HELPPAAAAHHH

... SHE TELLS HIM OF HERSELF... OF HER HUSBAND... CAUGHT AS WAS ALL-EARTH IN THE WEBS OF THE SHOGGOTHS-- DRAGGED TO UNDERGROUND CAVES AND EATEN-- ALL EARTH EATEN... **ALL EARTH EATEN...**



THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE!!

...THERE WERE **BILLIONS** OF PEOPLE ON EARTH WHEN I LEFT...



...THERE MUST BE A **MILLION** OF **THEM**... THEY CAME UP OUT OF HOLES IN THE EARTH ALL OVER THE WORLD...

...ALL OF THEM **AT ONCE**...

...THEY EACH KILLED THOUSANDS...WITH ONE FLING OF THEIR ANFUL ARMS...

...MILLIONS?...

... MANDRIAN CRAWFORD STANDS UP AND LEAVES THE SPACECRAFT AND ITS INHABITANTS, HE STEPS OUT INTO THE ARKHAM AIR AND TRIES TO BREATHE...HE CHOKES... HE FEELS HIS STOMACH CHURNING AND IS ABOUT TO HEAVE IT UP WHEN HE HEARS THE SCREAM AGAIN... THIS TIME IT REGISTERS IN HIS BRAIN...



... HE SEES HER IN A NEARBY CLUMP OF TREES, SNARLING AROUND HER, WRAPPED AROUND HER TO PROTECT HER...



... HERE... I'M OVER HERE...

... I HEAR YOU... QUIET... STAY UNDER COVER...



...MILLIONS...

...MILLIONS...

... WE TRIED TO FIGHT... IT WAS HOPELESS... RIDICULOUS... EARTH WAS NOT ARMED... WE WERE ALL SO UNPREPARED...

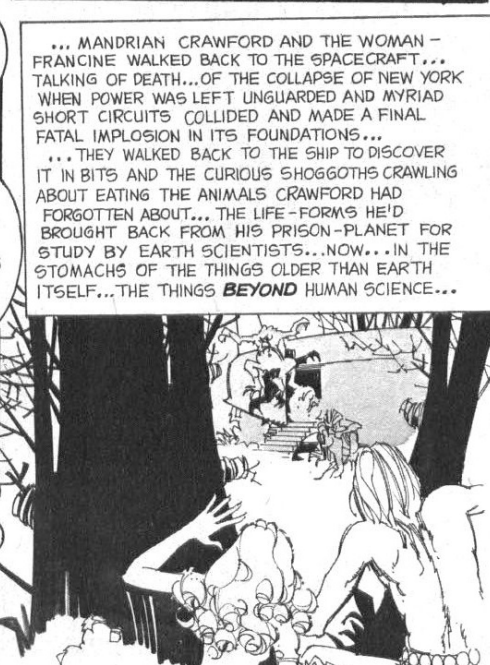
... AFTER A COUPLE OF DAYS NEWS WIRES WENT BLANK... ONLY A FEW SURVIVED IN SCATTERED GROUPS I GUESS... A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO MY GROUP WAS CAPTURED... MY HUSBAND WAS AMONGST THOSE KILLED... EATEN... MY JOSEPH... EATEN...

WHAT DO WE DO MANDRIAN?...

... I DON'T KNOW FRANCINE...

... I GUESS WE...

... HAVE TO LEAVE...



... MANDRIAN CRAWFORD AND THE WOMAN - FRANCINE WALKED BACK TO THE SPACECRAFT... TALKING OF DEATH... OF THE COLLAPSE OF NEW YORK WHEN POWER WAS LEFT UNGUARDED AND MYRIAD SHORT CIRCUITS COLLIDED AND MADE A FINAL FATAL IMPLOSION IN ITS FOUNDATIONS... THEY WALKED BACK TO THE SHIP TO DISCOVER IT IN BITS AND THE CURIOUS SHOGGOTHS CRAWLING ABOUT EATING THE ANIMALS CRAWFORD HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT... THE LIFE - FORMS HE'D BROUGHT BACK FROM HIS PRISON-PLANET FOR STUDY BY EARTH SCIENTISTS... NOW... IN THE STOMACHS OF THE THINGS OLDER THAN EARTH ITSELF... THE THINGS **BEYOND** HUMAN SCIENCE...



THERE IS A PLACE NEARBY WHERE THEY USED TO KEEP OLD JUNKED MOONSHIPS-- IF WE CAN MAKE IT THERE I MAY BE ABLE TO SALVAGE ONE OF THEM...GET US OFF THIS PLANET TO ONE OF THE COLONIES...

... A CHILD...

...IT MAY WELL BE THE ...LAST HUMAN BORN OF THIS FETID PLACE FRANCINE...

... I WILL NOT LET IT BE BORN IN THIS PLACE THOUGH...

I WILL **KILL MYSELF** FIRST...

... NO...

... THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY NOW... WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN A FEW HOURS...

MANDRIAN... I...

... I HAVE JOSEPH'S CHILD IN ME...

... IN PAIN FOR SHE IS ABOUT TO GIVE BIRTH TO HER FIRST CHILD...

... OH MY **GOD** MANDRIAN...

... MY GOD...

... STEADY BREATHS FRANCINE... I WILL HELP YOU ...

I AM HERE TO HELP...

... OH LORD...

... I HAVE IT...

EEEEAAAAGODDDOOGODNOOOO!

MANDRIAN

... I HAVE IT FRANCINE...

THE SOUL SHRIEKING CRY WAS AWFUL--ALL OF SPACE HEARD IT--THROUGH THE VACUUM--THROUGH THE VOIDS OF MANY WORLDS--ALL OF SPACE HEARD THE MOTHER SCREAM AT THE SIGHT OF THE DISGUSTING THING THAT WAS HER CHILD !

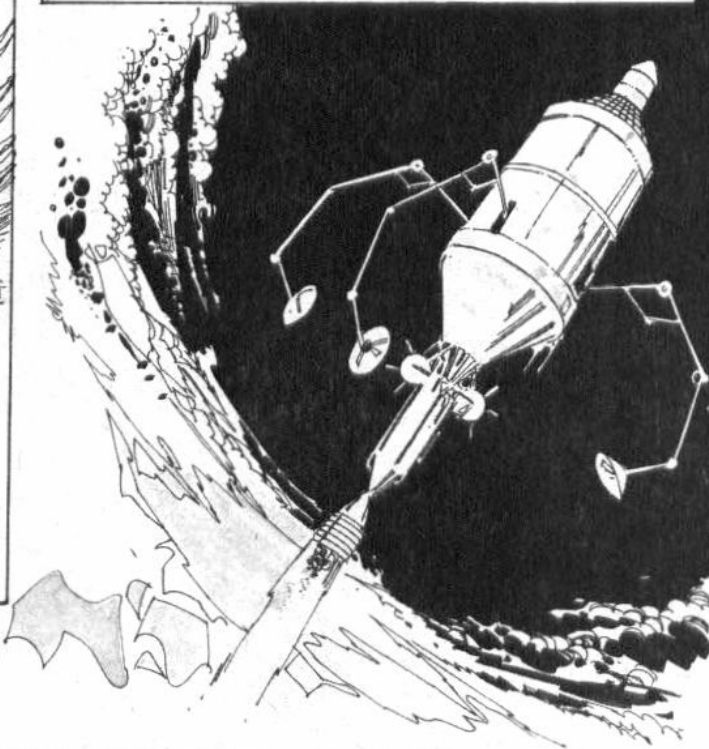
...IT CAN BE  
REPAIRED WITH A FEW  
PARTS FROM THE  
OTHER SHIPS!

GOOD MANDRIAN--  
PLEASE HURRY--I  
HAVE PAINS...

...PAINS?...

IT WON'T BE  
LONG NOW...

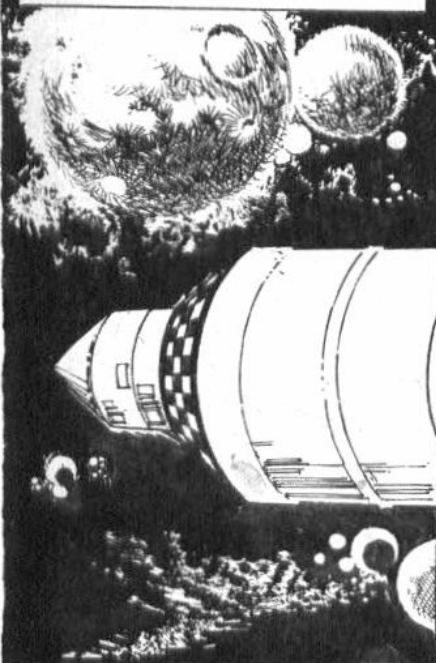
... NOT LONG LATER THAT DAY AN OLD  
SPACECRAFT SHUTTLED UP FROM A SHIP'S  
GRAVEYARD IN LOWER NEW ENGLAND, PLANET  
EARTH, AIMING FOR THE STARS... INSIDE  
MANDRIAN CRAWFORD SHIFTS TO AUTOMATIC  
PILOT AND BENDS OVER A PREGNANT WOMAN  
IN PAIN...



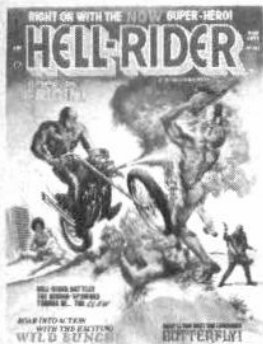
... ALL OF SPACE WEPT WITH  
HER AS MANDRIAN CRAWFORD  
SHOVED THE SHOOGGOTH INFANT  
INTO THE AIR LOCK AND  
JETTISONED IT OUT INTO THE  
NOTHINGNESS OF THE STARS  
TO DIE...

... SOMEWHERE IT STILL  
WANDERS ABOUT... THIS DEAD  
FETID FETUS... FLOATS  
ABOUT CRASHING INTO  
METEORITES AND SPACE  
STORMS... SOMEDAY IT WILL  
DISSOLVE AWAY WHEN IT HAS  
BEEN BEATEN ENOUGH... IT  
WILL CEASE TO EXIST...  
... ALTHOUGH WHY IT EXISTED  
IN THE FIRST PLACE NO MAN  
KNOWS...  
... OR REALLY WANTS TO...

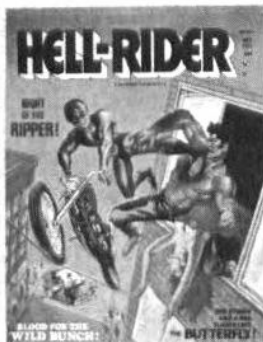
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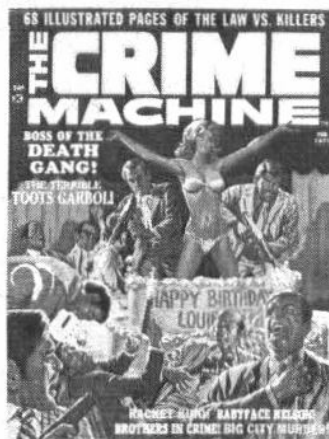
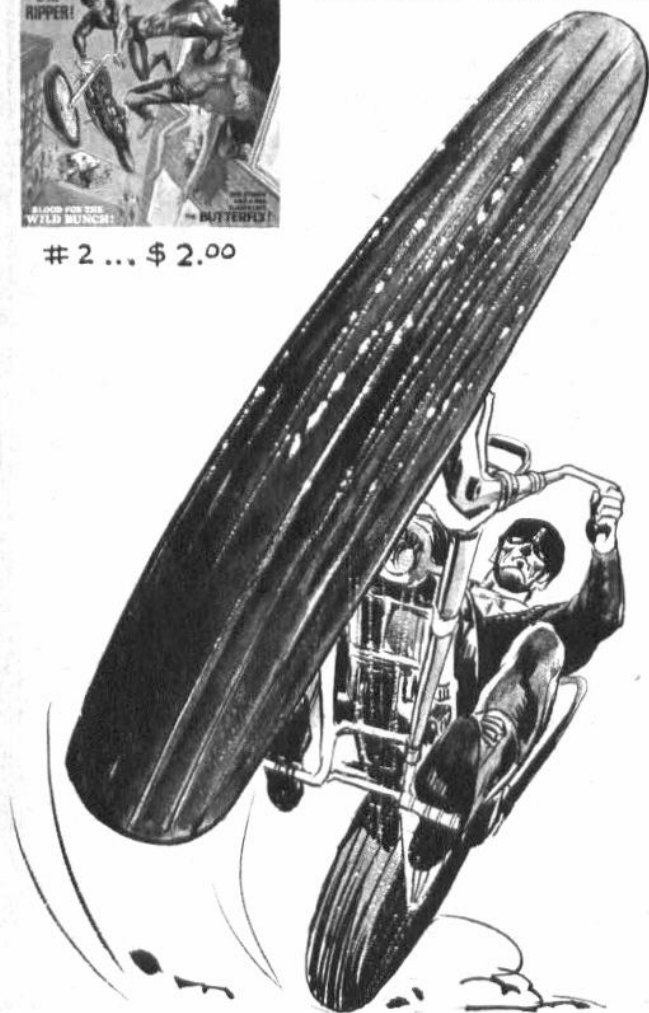
#1... \$ 2.00



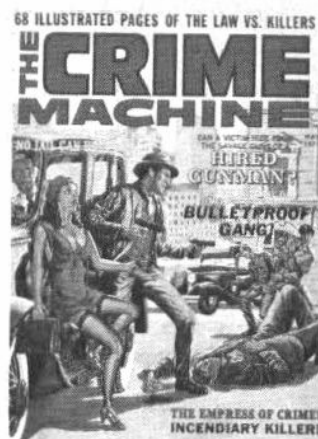
#2... \$ 2.00

# HELL-RIDER

HAVE YOU MET THE THE HELL-RIDER? ... HAVE YOU SMASHED INTO HELL ON THE HORROR-BIKE? ... GRAB ONTO THESE 2 AND ONLY 2 ISSUES OF THE ORIGINAL BIKE-RIDING SUPERHERO BY GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH... WHO TEAMED UP WITH THE BASHFUL WILD-BUNCH AND THE BEAUTIFUL LITHE-LIMBED BLACK BUTTERFLY TO CAPTURE YOUR BRAIN PEBBLES AND SHAKE THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE...



#1... \$ 2.00



#2... \$ 2.00

# THE CRIME MACHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF GANGSTERS, DOLLS AND ATROCIOUS, UNBELIEVABLE EVIL... FOR THESE WEIRD 2 FAT-ONES ARE ABOUT THE AWFUL DAYS WHEN AL CAPONE, DUTCH SCHULTZ, BABY FACE NELSON AND OTHER PUNKS WERE WARLORDS AND RULED THE STREETS... LEARN OF THEIR CRIMES, LIVES AND PRETENDED BRITTLE LOVES IN THE ONLY 2 ISSUES OF CRIME-MACHINE... THE MAGAZINE THAT'LL CRIPPLE YOUR WEIRD LITTLE MACABRE Brain...



ARCHAIC CASH ENCLOSED...\$ .....

for CRIME-MACHINE #1 ☐ #2 ☐

for HELL-RIDER #1 ☐ #2 ☐

for PSYCHO #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #4 ☐ #8 ☐ ANNUAL ☐ #9 ☐ #10 ☐

NIGHTMARE #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #8 ☐ #9 ☐ ANNUAL ☐ #10 ☐ #11 ☐

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY AND STATE .....

-SEND YOUR ARCHAIC COUPON TO: SKYWALD PUBLISHING-18 EAST 41 ST-NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017-

# TITAN WEEP

...TO START OUR TALE...

I, FLAVIUS TITAN...  
CALLED MASTER AND  
DESPOT...LEADER, KING,  
MOST CULTURED OF ALL  
WHO ARE CULTURED,  
MOST RESPECTED OF  
THE RESPECTED...

...COMMANDER OF **ALL** THE  
LEGIONS OF VESPA, MAN, FIRST  
HUSBAND TO ALL WOMEN, RULER, GOD  
OF THE GODS OF EARTH,  
TRIUMPHANT **FIRST AND LAST...**

I, TITAN, AM ALL THIS AND  
YET **STILL SANE**, YET **HUMAN**,  
THE HUMBLEST OF **ALL** HUMBLE  
MEN--I, **FLAVIUS**, LIVE FOR LIFE  
AND CHERISH MY PASTS EVEN AS  
I RESPOND TO MY **TOMORROWS...**



OH SKULL OF SKULLS,  
HORROR **COMPOUND**,  
INCARNATE OTHER-GOD,  
VEXED **MARTYR** OF EARTHEN  
**WRETCHEDNESS...** I TITAN,  
WEEP FOR MYSELF NOW AND  
**EVER** FOR I SUFFER THE MOST  
HORRID, UNKIND CUT OF **ALL...**  
I AM **LEADER** OF MEN... AND NOW  
**LEAD THEM** INTO THIS **GULLY**  
OF **PLAGUE** WHERE SURROUNDS  
ONLY PROSTRATE **DEATH** AND  
REPINE SOUL... I AM LEFT  
**WITHOUT ALTERNATIVE**,  
FOR WHETHER COMMONER  
OR KING, I HAVE  
SUFFERED **ALL** THAT  
I WILL, AND SO, NOW  
**COMMIT MYSELF**  
TO **DEATH...**





WHEN SOME MEN **DIE**... OTHERS **APPLAUD**...

BRavo EXIUS...  
**SUPERB**...

MASTERFUL...  
**ENCORE EXIUS...  
ENCORE...**

...FELLOW  
CITIZENS...

FELLOW CITIZENS... EXIUS  
RESUMES HIS PERFORMANCE OF  
'**FAUST VARIATIONS**' AFTER  
HE HAS CHANGED COSTUME AND  
PREPARED HIMSELF FOR THE  
**SECOND ACT**...  
PATIENCE PLEASE...

WASN'T THAT **MAGNIFICENT**  
PETRONIUS... **MAGNIFICENT**...

IT WAS  
MAGNIFICENT...

...THE CHARACTERIZATION  
OF TITAN MUST BE  
COMMENDED FOR  
**ACCURACY**...

EXIUS HAS CAPTURED  
THE VERY **ESSENCE**  
OF THE COMMANDER...  
DID YOU HEAR THE  
**FULL STORY**  
OF TITAN...?

...SPEND A FEW  
MOMENTS IN  
**CONVERSATION**  
'TILL EXIUS MAKES  
HIS RETURN AS  
**TITAN**...

THE FULL STORY?  
NO!... **WHAT?**...

APPARENTLY **THIS**  
DRAMATIZATION IS ONLY  
**HALF** THE STORY... A FEW  
MONTHS AGO IN SICILY WHEN  
TITAN LED HIS MEN INTO  
THE **PLAGUE** NOT ALL  
OF THEM PERISHED...

INTERESTING... BUT EVEN  
**MORE** INTRIGUING IS THAT  
**MAN** OVER THERE... YOU  
SEE HIM?... I'VE BEEN  
**WATCHING HIM**... KEEPS  
HIS FACE **HIDDEN**  
UNDER THAT **SHROUD**...  
WHY IS **THAT**?

I'VE SEEN HIM **TOO**... HE CAN NOT  
BE OF **THIS** COUNTRY... AFTER THE  
PERFORMANCE HE DID NOT **APPLAUD**...  
DID YOU NOT SEE HIM?

THE MAN IS **UNCULTURED**...  
**BOORISH** HOW DID HE  
EVER GET INTO THE  
AMPHITHEATER?

...ONE SOLDIER  
LIVED TO **RETURN**...  
IT IS SAID HE  
**CARRIES** THE  
DISEASE WITH  
HIM...

HE SHOULD  
BE TAUGHT A  
**LESSON**  
I THINK...

**ACT TWO**...

WHAT INFRINGEMENT UPON MY **SANITY** IS THIS?... I AM **DEAD** YET I STILL **LIVE**...OR DO I?...

**SEEMINGLY...** AND YET I DO NOT **FEEL** MYSELF **WHOLE**... CAN THIS BE AN **AFTERLIFE**... IT MUST BE...

MY **BODY** IS HEALED... NOT A **SCAR** LITTERS THIS ONCE **RAVAGED** **FORM**...

FOR YOUR **SANITY**... **NO** ... **LEAVE ME BE**...

**LET HIM BE!**

**RIP HIS SHROUD** FROM HIM... LET US SEE HIS **FACE**... THE **FACE** OF A MAN SO **CRUDE** AS **THIS** MUST BE A **TREMENDOUS SIGHT**...

**THANK YOU EXIUS...** MY **BROTHER**...

...YOUR **PERFORMANCE** WAS... **TRIUMPHANT**... YOU ATTEMPTED TO **SAVE** MY **FACE**... **CHANGE HISTORY**... TELL THE **TALE** OF MY **DEFEAT** IN A **FASHION** MORE **NOBLE** THAN IT **WAS**...

**DO NOT SPEAK TITAN...** I KNOW IT GIVES YOU SO MUCH **PAIN**...

**BUT IT WAS NOT**, NOBLE BROTHER... THE **FACTS** ARE **TWISTED**--IT IS **TRUE** I LED MY MEN **INTO** THAT **GULLY**--**TRUE** THAT **ONE MAN** SURVIVED... **ME**...

...BUT IT MUST **ALSO** BE KNOWN THAT IT WAS **I** WHO WAS **DISEASED**... NOT THE **PEOPLE** OF THE **GULLY**... IT WAS **ME** WHO **POISONED** MY **OWN MEN**... AND THE **GOOD CITIZENS** OF THAT **SICILIAN VILLAGE**...

**PETRONIUS** LOOK... THE **MAN LEAVES**...

...CAN HE BE **MAD**? WHAT **INSULTING** **BEHAVIOR** FOR A **FOREIGNER**...

**YOU THERE... HOLD**... HAVE YOU **NO SENSES**...

**GRAB THAT** **INSOLENT BOOR**... **TEACH HIM** THE **MANNERS** OF **GREECE**...

**NO...** **LEAVE HIM**...

**LORDS AUGUST!**

...THE **SOLDIER**... IT IS THE **SOLDIER** WITH THE **PLAGUE**...

...MY **FRIEND**...

...IT IS A **SLOW** **DEATH** THIS... **CRUEL** TO **ME** AND **NEARLY EVERYONE I MEET**... FOR I MUST **ALSO** **ADMIT**... IT IS **NOT** THE **DISEASE** KNOWN AS THE **BLACK PLAGUE**...

...BUT **LEPROSY**...

**WEEP TITAN**... IN **SELF-SORROW**... FOR **EVEN** AS **MOMENTS** AGO YOU ATTEMPTED TO **FLEE** THE **AMPHITHEATER** TO **HIDE** YOUR **UNBEARABLE PAIN** FROM THOSE AROUND YOU... SO THOSE AROUND YOU **NOW FLEE YOU**...

**WEEP TITAN**... AS MUCH AS YOU'D **WANT** IT... YOUR **DEATH** IS **NOT PROUD**...



... for the last few issues we've enjoyed a look at the current crop of GREAT ONES from the SCREAM SCREEN ...

... movies like: THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES

FROGS

DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE

... we thought for a change this issue we'd look leeringly into the PAST and renew some of the CLASSIC films which have excited our intellect and imaginations through the dark years ... films which slither through the ugly mud of the many-most NONSENSE things which seem to come pretty fast and furious from the horror-makers these days ...

... these are the CLASSICS which we recommend you see at ANY cost ...

... and so starts our once-in-a-rare-while feature ... :

**... NIGHTMARE MOVIE MACABRE REVIEWS ...**

# The CLASSICS

by Alan Hewetson



... JOHN BARRYMORE portrays the mind-fiend Mr. Hyde in the exceptional PARAMOUNT adaptation of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON's DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE in 1920 ...



... PETER CUSHING plays Arthur Grimsdyke, deceased, in CINERAMA's 1972 TALES FROM THE CRYPT ... we admit we're prejudiced ... the movie was based on Al Feldstein's E.C. COMICS of the 1950's ... and in our own opinion ... there is no better horror-comic-sCRYPTer than ABOMINABLE AL FELDSTEIN ...



... BETTE DAVIS in WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? from WARNER BROTHERS in 1961 ... an uncomparable performance ... a FANATICAL screenplay ...



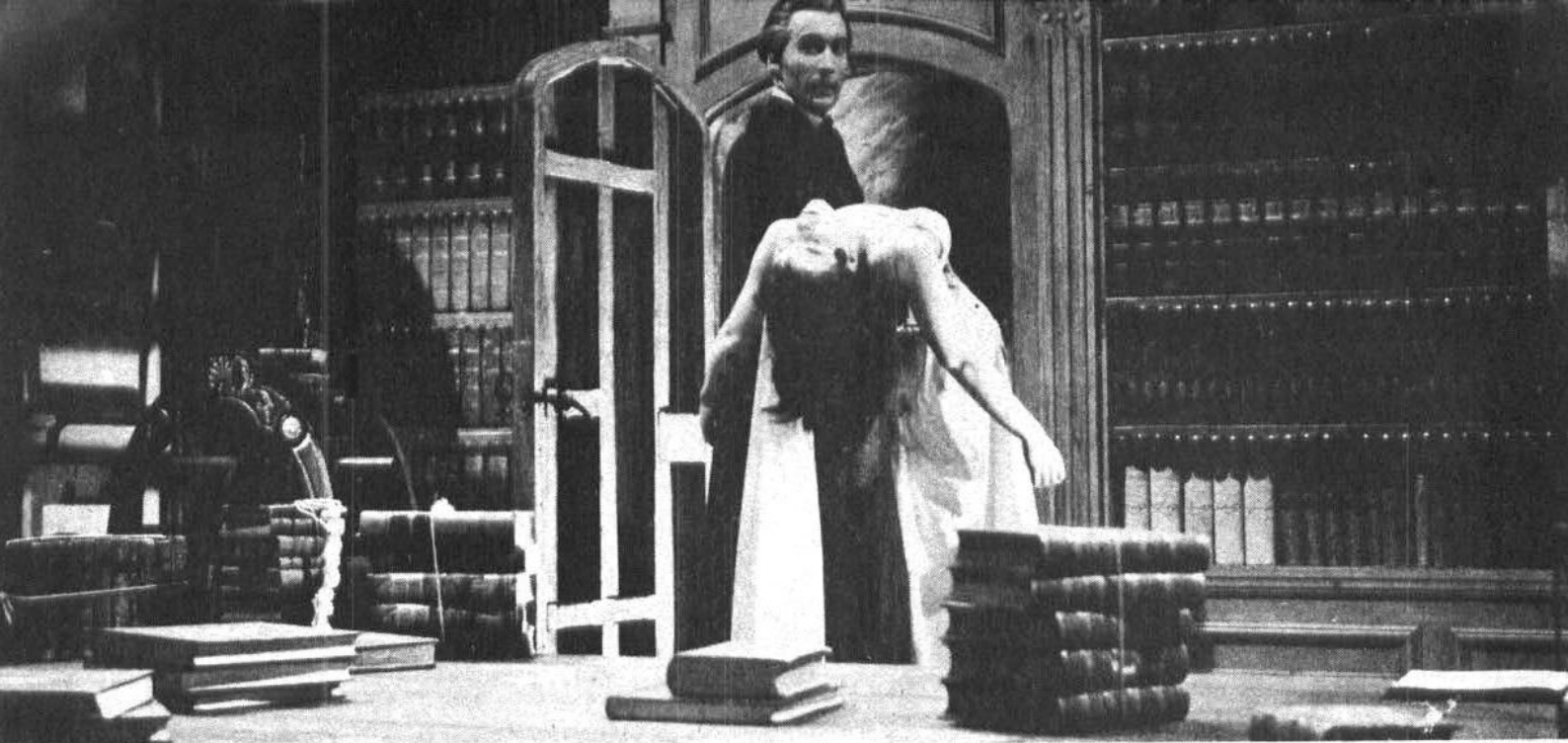


... LON CHANEY as THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA ... without Chaney's inclusion herein this photo feature would be POINTLESS ...



... CHARLES OGLE as the original 1910 FRANKENSTEIN made a terrifying and classic performance as the MARY SHELLEY creation ... but BORIS KARLOFF in 1931 so brutally caricatured the human-thing that FRANKENSTEIN and KARLOFF are interchangeable names in classic horror ...





... CHRISTOPHER LEE in HORROR OF DRACULA ... with apologies to Dying Doug Moench who thought we were losing our editorial minds when we forgot to include this CLASSIC in our HAMMER HORRORS feature in PSYCHO #9 ...



... WERNER KRAUSS is Dr. Caligari and CONRAD VEIDT is the mad somnambulist in the expressionist DAS CABINET DES DR. CALIGARI (THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI) ... a 1919 German made film of TRANSIT-FILM GESELLSCHAFT which is touted as being the finest horror film ever made ...



... BELA LUGOSI played many performances in his long and varied career ... yet ... none are so remembered or identified with him as his portrayal as BRAM STOKER's powerful Transylvanian Count DRACULA ... Lugosi is criticized ... and he is praised ... but no man can deny the obvious personal conviction which he accorded the character ...



... MAX SCHRECK portrayed a vulture-like Count Orlock in NOSFERATU ... a 1922 German production of F. Murnau which is suggested to be the first screen portrayal of BRAM STOKER's DRACULA ... the film features brilliant camerawork by Fritz Wagner - to introduce the audience to shock after absurd, horrific shock ...

... A CLASSIC ...



... in the future we'll continue with our regular HONEST review of the CURRENT greats from the world's film capitols ... like next issue we review BLACULA ... and in issues to follow: THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN, THE OTHER, and WILLARD and BEN!

... and PREviews on: THE EXORCIST ...

... miss 'em not ...

... we recommend only what we like ...

SPACE IS SILENT... QUIET, BLACK AND EVER-STILL... THE HORROR OF QUIETED NOTHINGNESS IS THE QUIETED HORROR OF HELL; EVEN IN A PUDDLE OF YEARS HENCE WHEN EARTH HAS EXPLAINED CERTAIN MAD LEGENDS ABOUT SPACE AND HAS EXPLORED FAR REACHING PLACES WE ONLY LEARN OF IN MUSTY, ARCHAIC BOOKS!

... IN THIS OTHER-EARTH SOMETIME YET TO COME A SOUND IS HEARD... A TRANSMITTANCE FROM SOMEWHERE-ELSE... SOMEWHERE FURTHER OUT THAN THEY HAD DARED REACH... A SOUND THAT COMES AS A **PLEA** FOR ASSISTANCE...

...A PLEA WITH WHICH WE START OUR TALE...

# THE HORROR WAR



PLACE EARTH... TRA  $\geq$  **WHHRAKKA**  $\leq$  ION...! OUR EARTH IS RAVAGED BY WAR... WE NEED YOUR DIPLOMATIC COUNCIL... OUR GOVERNMENT SYSTEM IS THREATENED BY OUR REVOLUTION-BENT CHILDREN AND THEIR WEAPONS-BEASTS... REPEAT: WE NEED YOUR GUIDANCE ON OUR POLITICAL SITUATION... OUR STUDIES OF YOUR PLANET REVEAL YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH WAR-SITUATIONS ARE NUMEROUS IN VARIATION... YOU ARE IN A POLITICAL ENVIRONMENT SUITED TO AID US... **WE BEG YOU...**



HENSON  
AND  
BORELL



AT 3:15 A.M., THURSDAY THE 4TH OF SOME MONTH IN 2018, THE PRESIDENT OF THIS PLANET RUSHES THROUGH THE HEAVY IRON GATES OF A COMMUNICATIONS CENTER IN OTTAWA ILLINOIS... HIS NERVES, CAUGHT OFF-EDGE AT THIS LATE-EARLY HOUR, BITTERLY REVOLT AS THE BIG BLACK CAR PULLS UP...



IS THIS THE FIRST INDICATION OF CONTACT MUNCH?

YES SIR... THEY MAY HAVE **TRIED** BEFORE BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE HEARD THEM... OR **SEEN** THEM...

...THEY'RE REFLECTING A VIDEO IMAGE OFF THE PROBER PRESENTLY MOVING AROUND PLUTO... I'M INFORMED THEIR T.V. SET-UP IS SOMEWHAT COMPLEMENTS OURS... SOME SORT OF ORTHOCON AFFAIR...

...ANYWAY MR. PRESIDENT... WE'VE HAD THEM IN CONTACT FOR 3 HOURS WHILE YOU FLEW IN FROM WASHINGTON... THE SIGNAL IS **STRONG**... THEY'VE BEEN FEEDING US PICTURES OF THEIR WAR...

...LOOKS PRETTY BAD SIR... A REVOLUTION AS THEIR COMMUNICATION INDICATED... YOUNGSTERS NO OLDER THAN 14 AND 15 ARE PHYSICALLY DESTROYING THE PLACE IN AN ATTEMPT TO GAIN CONTROL...

...CHILDREN... GOD...



GREETINGS PRESIDENT DIXON; THANK YOU FOR ACCEPTING OUR PLEA FOR YOUR COUNCIL... FRANKLY, WE'LL **NEED** IT IF WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE IN **ONE PIECE**...

...IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT COMMUNICATIONS BETWEEN US HAVE TO START OFF ON SUCH AN AWKWARD NOTE AS THEY DO...

...WE DID NOT KNOW OF YOUR EXISTENCE...

PERHAPS NOT OUR **ORIGIN**... BUT OUR EXISTENCE **YES**... YOU'VE MONITORED SEVERAL TRAVELLER-EXPLORERS IN THE LAST TWENTY-ODD YEARS THAT WE'VE HAD CIRCLING-STUDYING YOUR EARTH...

...AH YES... YES...

WE WERE **ABOUT** TO MAKE CONTACT WITH YOU -- MORE OR LESS -- WHEN THIS LUNATIC HORROR-WAR THREW US INTO A STATE OF DISORGANIZATION AND CHAOS...

...LET ME EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO YOU...

...OUR PLANET IS SIMILAR TO YOURS... IN MANY WAYS... ALTHOUGH OUR LANGUAGES ARE DIFFERENT AND HAVE TO BE JUGGLED AROUND OVER THESE COMMUNICATION LINES SOMEWHAT... WE CAN JUDGE THAT WE ARE EXPERIENCING ESSENTIALLY THE SAME RATE OF TECHNOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT... ALTHOUGH OUR WORLD IS MUCH **SMALLER** THAN YOURS... WITH A POPULATION OF 400 MILLION...



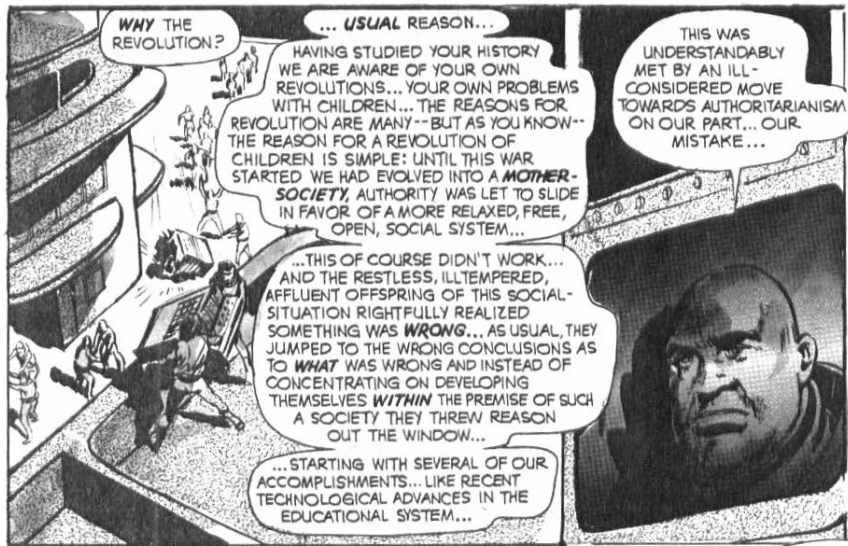
THIS IS THE PRESIDENT OF GLOBAL EARTH... MY NAME IS EDWARD DIXON... I WELCOME YOUR COMMUNICATION AND IN THE HOPES FOR ESTABLISHING A FRIENDLY RELATIONSHIP I OFFER YOU THE AID AND RESOURCES OF EARTH...

...ONE MOMENT PLEASE... GENERAL LE DAY IS ARRIVING NOW...

...BECAUSE OF THE **CHILDREN**...

...AND THEIR **WEAPON-BEASTS**...

...A POPULATION THAT DAILY **DIES**...



WHY THE REVOLUTION?

...USUAL REASON...

HAVING STUDIED YOUR HISTORY WE ARE AWARE OF YOUR OWN REVOLUTIONS... YOUR OWN PROBLEMS WITH CHILDREN... THE REASONS FOR REVOLUTION ARE MANY-- BUT AS YOU KNOW-- THE REASON FOR A REVOLUTION OF CHILDREN IS SIMPLE: UNTIL THIS WAR STARTED WE HAD EVOLVED INTO A **MOTHER-SOCIETY**, AUTHORITY WAS LET TO SLIDE IN FAVOR OF A MORE RELAXED, FREE, OPEN, SOCIAL SYSTEM...

...THIS OF COURSE DIDN'T WORK... AND THE RESTLESS, ILTEMPERED, AFFLUENT OFFSPRING OF THIS SOCIAL-SITUATION RIGHTFULLY REALIZED SOMETHING WAS **WRONG**... AS USUAL, THEY JUMPED TO THE WRONG CONCLUSIONS AS TO **WHAT** WAS WRONG AND INSTEAD OF CONCENTRATING ON DEVELOPING THEMSELVES **WITHIN** THE PREMISE OF SUCH A SOCIETY THEY THREW REASON OUT THE WINDOW...

...STARTING WITH SEVERAL OF OUR ACCOMPLISHMENTS... LIKE RECENT TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM...

THIS WAS UNDERSTANDABLY MET BY AN ILL-CONSIDERED MOVE TOWARDS AUTHORITARIANISM ON OUR PART... OUR MISTAKE...



NEXT FOLLOWED **BOMBINGS**, THE SYSTEMATIC ASSASSINATION OF POLITICAL PERSONS, **RIOTS** IN THE STREETS AND IN THE **HOME**...



IN AN EFFORT TO HAULT THIS SPREADING PROBLEM WE MADE ANOTHER MISTAKE IN JUDGEMENT... WE **JAILED** OUR CHILDREN...

WHICH RESULTED IN GROUPS BANDING TOGETHER AND LEAVING URBAN CENTERS FOR THE MOUNTAIN REGIONS... ATTACKING US BY WHATEVER MEANS WAS AT THEIR DISPOSAL... UTILIZING **GORILLA TACTICS**...



...BUT SOCIETY KNEW NOT THE MEANING OF **TERROR** 'TILL THEY MASSED TO TAKE OVER THIS WORLD'S **SOLE DEFENSE INSTALLATION**... ARMED NOW WITH THE FINEST IN HOLOCAUST-ORIENTED WEAPONRY THEY FLY ABOUT ON BEASTS FROM THE ONCE-BARREN MOUNTAINS... ATTACKING AND KILLING AT **WILL**... WE ARE LITERALLY **HELPLESS**... THEY ALMOST HOLD TOTAL MILITARY CONTROL-- THE SINGULAR PROBLEM OF COURSE BEING...

...SIR... BLOCH IS ABOUT TO MAKE A STATEMENT TO THE PRESS...



EFFREM BLOCH IS 'ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE REVOLUTION... I GUESS HE'S ABOUT TO MAKE HIS DEMANDS OF THE GOVERNMENT...

...I'LL PLUG YOU IN TO HIS SPEECH...



MUNCH-- GET ME A CORNED BEEF SANDWICH ON WHITE, A LARGE GLASS OF MILK AND A DOUBLE **BOURBON**... NO ICE...



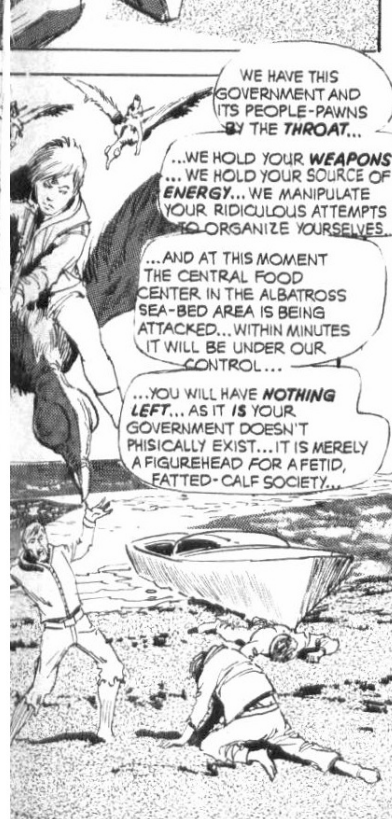
CITIZENS... DEGENERATE SELF-APPOINTED DEMI-GODS PADDLING IN YOUR OWN PRETENTIOUS PUDDLES...

...LISTEN...

...THIS IS THE **PEACE PROPOSAL**...

...WE LEAVE YOU **NO ALTERNATIVE**...

...WE DEMAND YOUR **IMMEDIATE, UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER**...



WE HAVE THIS GOVERNMENT AND ITS PEOPLE-PAWNS **BY THE THROAT**...

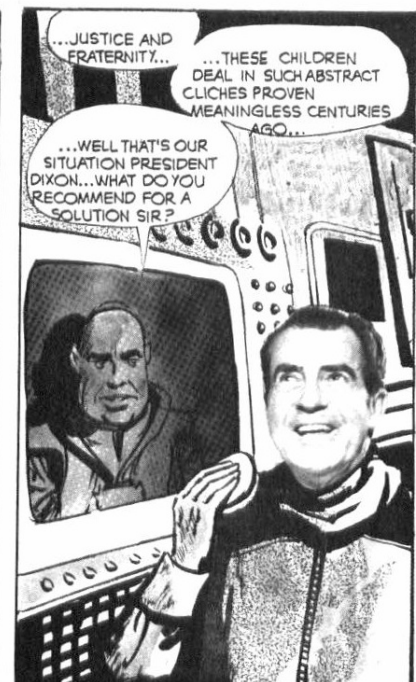
...WE HOLD YOUR **WEAPONS**... WE HOLD YOUR SOURCE OF **ENERGY**... WE MANIPULATE YOUR RIDICULOUS ATTEMPTS TO ORGANIZE YOURSELVES...

...AND AT THIS MOMENT THE CENTRAL FOOD CENTER IN THE ALBATROSS SEA-BED AREA IS BEING ATTACKED... WITHIN MINUTES IT WILL BE UNDER OUR CONTROL...

...YOU WILL HAVE **NOTHING LEFT**... AS IT IS YOUR GOVERNMENT DOESN'T PHYSICALLY EXIST... IT IS MERELY A FIGUREHEAD FOR A FETID, FATTED-CALF SOCIETY...



...WE GIVE YOU **ONE HOUR** TO MAKE YOUR DECISION... WE PROMISE YOU JUSTICE AND FRATERNITY...

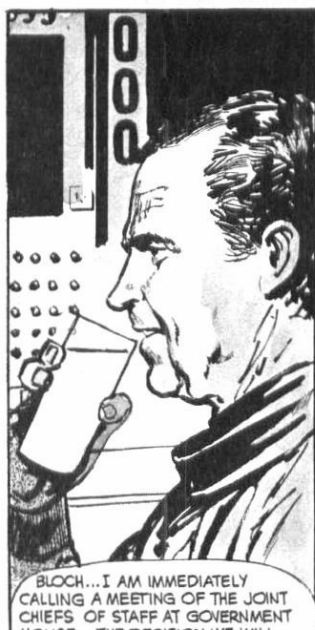


...JUSTICE AND FRATERNITY...

...THESE CHILDREN DEAL IN SUCH ABSTRACT CLICHES PROVEN MEANINGLESS CENTURIES AGO...

...WELL THAT'S OUR SITUATION PRESIDENT DIXON... WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND FOR A SOLUTION SIR?





BLOCH... I AM IMMEDIATELY CALLING A MEETING OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE... THE DECISION WE WILL REACH IS OBVIOUS...

...WE THEREFORE INVITE YOUR PRESENCE AT THE ASSEMBLY ONE HOUR FROM NOW AT WHICH TIME... AT WHICH TIME WE WILL MAKE OUR ARRANGEMENTS FOR **PEACE**...



...ALRIGHT GENERAL... WE'LL BE THERE...



ONE HOUR LATER... AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE ASSEMBLY...

...BLOCH AND THE OTHERS WAIT OUTSIDE GENERAL...

YES SIR!

...IS EVERYTHING PREPARED?

...WELL THEN WESLEY... SHOW THEM IN...



...WELL...



YOU HAVE ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE... TO GAIN VICTORY YOU MUST FIRST LOSE...

LOSE? YOU MEAN SURRENDER?

YES, I MEAN SURRENDER!

...THE CHILDREN ARE NAIVE ARE THEY NOT?...

...THE WEAPONS ARE BULK WEAPONS AND NOT HAND WEAPONS... CORRECT?...

...THE 'WEAPON-BEASTS' ARE ONLY CONTROLLED BY THE CHILDREN BECAUSE THEY ARE IN **POSSESSION** OF THEM... CORRECT?...

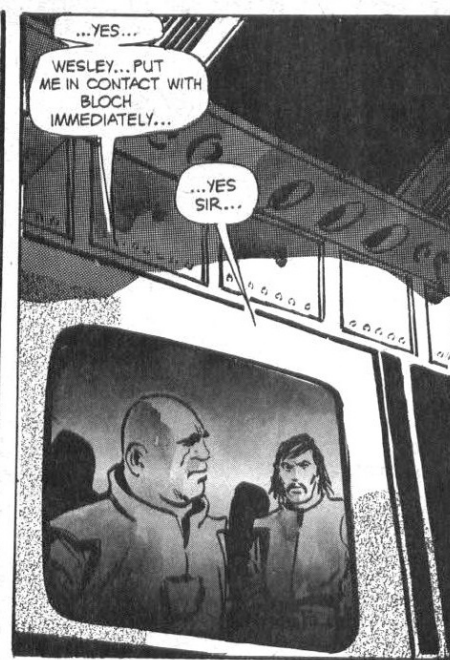
...THE LEADERS OF THE REVOLUTION ARE UNDOUBTEDLY THE SINGLE SOURCE OF ORDER... THE CHILDREN ARE NAIVE... **SMUG** -- THEY HAVE PRETENSIONS ABOUT HAVING 'ALREADY WON'...

...DO YOU FOLLOW ME GENERAL LE DAY?



**ORDER** IS RESTORED PRESIDENT DIXON... YOUR COUNCIL IS APPRECIATED BY **ALL** ON THIS WORLD... THE LEADERS OF THE REVOLUTION ARE **DEAD**... THE WEAPON-BEASTS WERE TURNED AGAINST THE SHEEP-LIKE REVOLUTIONARY FOLLOWERS IN THEIR MOUNTAIN VILLAGES... THEY ARE NOW BEING HERDED INTO CONFINEMENT UNTIL SUCH TIME AS... AS THE SOCIAL CLIMATE CAN PERMIT THEIR RELEASE INTO A TIGHT, ORDERED SOCIETY...

...THANK YOU...



...YES...

WESLEY... PUT ME IN CONTACT WITH BLOCH IMMEDIATELY...

...YES SIR...



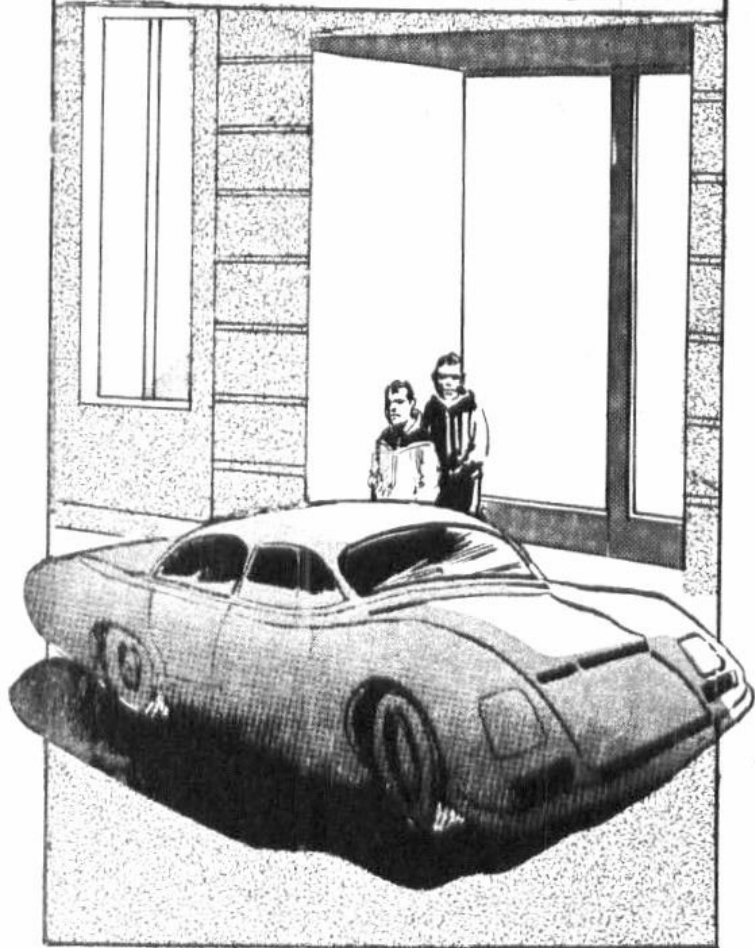
...WE LOOK FORWARD TO FURTHER COMMUNICATION WITH YOU IN A FEW DAYS WHEN EVERYTHING IS BACK TO **NORMAL**...

...AT WHICH TIME PERHAPS WE CAN ARRANGE TO MEET...

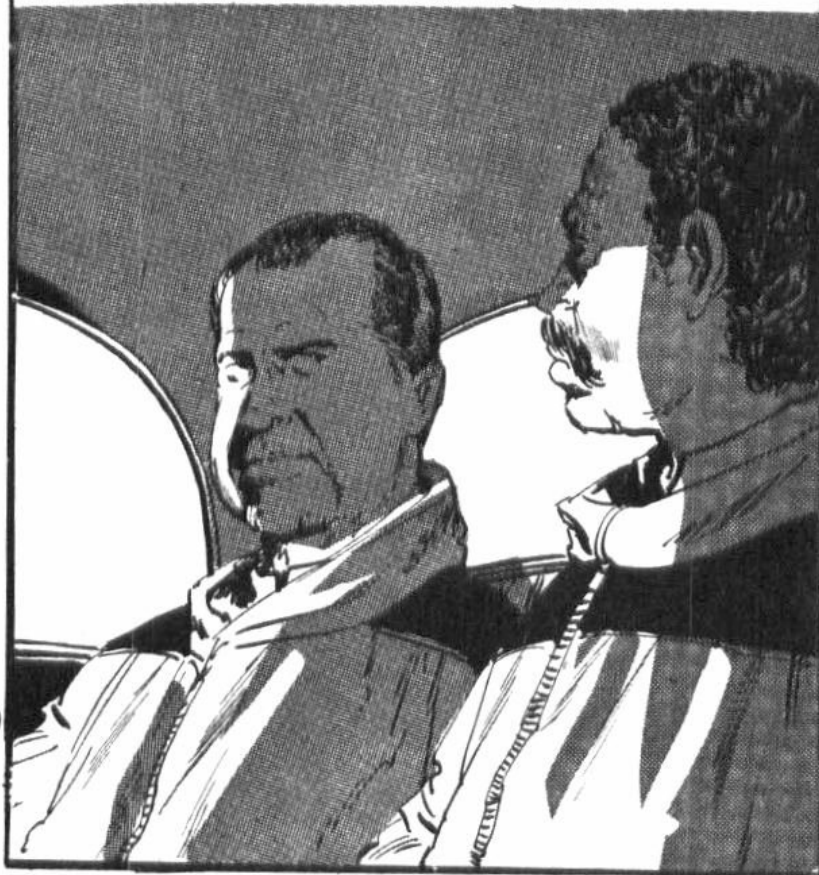
**EXCELLENT... EXCELLENT...**

...AND ONCE AGAIN, THANK YOU...

PRESIDENT EDWARD DIXON WALKS FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER OUT INTO THE STARTLING MORNING SUNLIGHT... IT HAS BEEN A **LONG** NIGHT...



HE SLUMPS INTO THE BIG BLACK CAR AND SHUFFLES AND SQUIRMS IN THE BACK SEAT AS MUNCH SLIPS IN BESIDE HIM...



...AND AS THE CAR SLOWLY WEAVES ITS WAY TO THE AIRPORT THROUGH THE DECAYING MUCK AND GARBAGE OF A NEARLY DESTROYED WORLD...THE TWO MEN TALK...

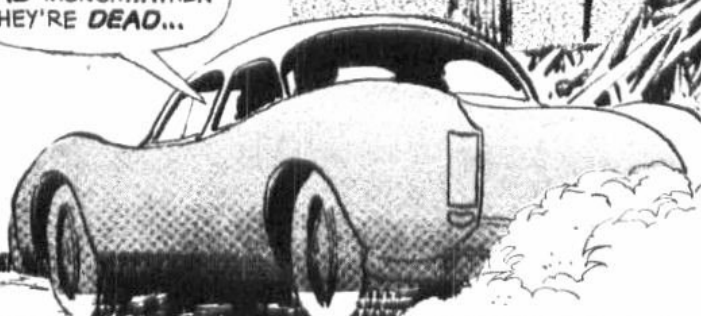
WELL SIR... CONGRATULATIONS... LOOKS LIKE YOU WON **THIS** CHILD-WAR TOO...

...SPEAKING OF CHILDREN SIR...WHEN CAN WE... I MEAN... WHEN WILL IT BE POSSIBLE TO LET **OUR** CHILDREN OUT OF CONFINEMENT? I MEAN... OUR **OWN** HORROR-WAR WAS MANY YEARS AGO...

...WHEN THEY'RE **DEAD** MUNCH...WHEN THEY'RE **DEAD**...



OTTAWA ILLINOIS, A SMALL TOWN INSIGNIFICANT UNTIL THIS DAY, YET LIKE EVERY OTHER CARNAGED PLACE ON THIS HORROR-GRAY EARTH, WAKES UP... JUST AS THE DUST IS SETTLING...





**I... AM THE HEAP...**

UNFORTUNATELY

... I AM A TORTURED  
INHUMAN MASS OF AWFUL  
PARANOID EMOTION...

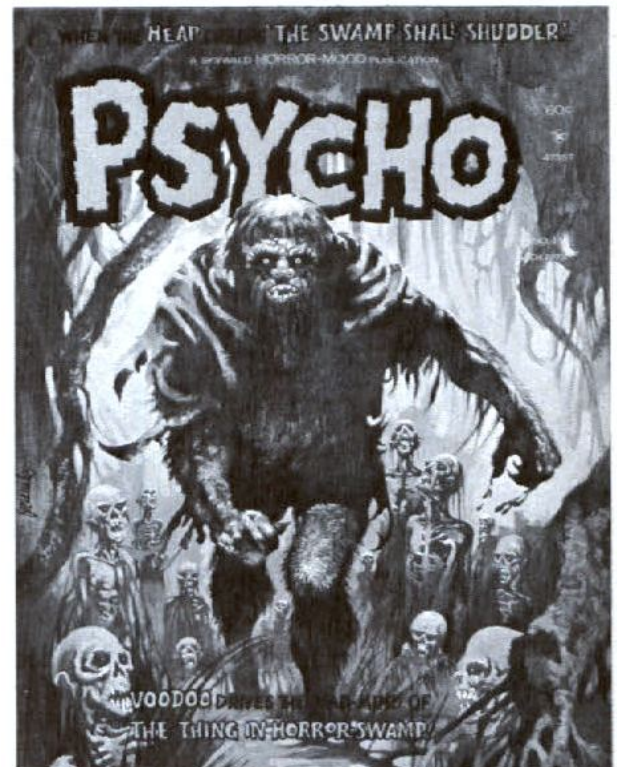
... I AM SUBJECTED TO  
BRUTAL AND SENSELESS  
ATTACKS BY MACABRE FIENDS...  
CONFRONTED BY EVIL FANATICS...  
AND POINTLESSLY THROWN  
INTO UGLY, FETID  
SITUATIONS THAT **DRAG**  
MY **SANITY** AWAY FROM ME...

... AND THAT IS **WHY**,  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
**PSYCHO**, (# 11 ), I **CHANGE...**

... MY PHYSICAL APPEARANCE  
BECOMES AS I STAND BEFORE  
YOU NOW... MY **MIND**  
BECOMES **ANGRY** AND **REVOLTS...**

... AND I BECOME... AN  
**ABSOLUTE LUNATIC...**

... THE STORY IS: A **SHIP OF**  
**FIENDS...** AND I ACCOMPANY  
APPEARANCES BY **THE THING IN**  
**HORROR SWAMP**, **THE BAG**  
**OF FLEAS...** AND **LUNATIC**  
**PICNIC...** MISS US NOT...





...THIS IS THE ISSUE OF THE **FEAST OF HORROR...**

...THIS IS THE **CORRIDOR OF CARICATURES** BY ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON...

...INSIDE YOU'LL SHOCK TO **THE HORROR-WAR**...

...SCREAM AT **THE WETNESS IN THE PIT**...

...DREAD THE WEIRD HORROR OF **TITAN WEEP**...

...THIS IS THE **HORROR** MAGAZINE OF YOUR WILDEST LUNATIC **DREAMS**...

YOUR

**NIGHTMARES...**

